

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

No. 1953.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

Price Fourpence.
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BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The Next Meeting will be held at LIVERPOOL, commencing on September 20, 1854, under the Presidency of the EARL OF HALLOWBY, F.R.S.
The Reception Room will be in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.
Notices of Communications intended to be read to the Association, accompanied by a statement whether the Author will be present at the Meeting, may be addressed to John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Assistant-General Secretary, St. Mary's Lodge, York; or to Dr. Dickinson and Dr. Inman, Local Secretaries, Liverpool.
JOHN TAYLOR, F.R.S., General Treasurer,
6, Queen Street Place, Upper Thames Street, London.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The ANNUAL MEETING at CAMBRIDGE will commence Tuesday, July 4, and close July 11.

PATRON.
H.R.H. the Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University.

PRESIDENT.
The Lord Talbot de Malahide, F.S.A.

PRESIDENTS OF SECTIONS.

HISTORY.—Edwin Gust, Esq., LL.D., Master of Caius College.
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ARCHITECTURE.—The Rev. W. Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College.

Programmes may be obtained at the Offices of the Institute, 26, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall.

GEORGE VULLIAMY, Secretary.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is now OPEN. Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven) One Shilling. Catalogue One Shilling.

JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY, with a Collection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS and deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN daily from Ten to Six. Admission, 1s. Catalogue 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS. Incorporated by Royal Charter. The Thirty-first Annual Exhibition of this Society is NOW OPEN from 9 A.M. until dusk. Admission, 1s. Catalogue 6d.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East. ALFRED CLINT, Hon. Sec.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The Fifth Annual Exhibition is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, from Nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

WILL CLOSE ON FRIDAY, 30th JUNE.

THE EXHIBITION of the WORKS of the Students of the SCHOOLS of ART, both Local and Metropolitan, now OPEN, daily, at Gore House, Kensington, will Close on 30th June.—Admission Free.

FRENCH EXHIBITION of PICTURES.—121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonnade. The Life Size Portrait of the Empress of the French has been added to the Gallery, which contains *chef-d'œuvre* of Paul Delaroche, Ary Scheffer, Horace Vernet, and other Eminent Artists of France. OPEN DAILY from 10 to 6. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY of LONDON.—His Grace the President has kindly directed the Grounds of Chiswick House to be opened for the reception of the Visitors to the Society's Gardens at the NEXT EXHIBITION, on SATURDAY, the 6th JULY. Tickets are issued at this Office, price 5s.; or at the Garden, in the afternoon of the 5th of July, at 7s. 6d. each.
21, Regent Street, London.

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The PUBLIC is respectfully informed that this Establishment is now placed UNDER ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT, and that alterations and improvements are in progress in all its departments, which it is hoped will render it even more worthy of the patronage of the Public than it has hitherto been.

All communications in future should be addressed to J. H. Pepper, Esq., the Resident Director.

All the LECTURES, OPTICAL, and other EXHIBITIONS, are continued as usual.

Open daily from Eleven till Five, and every Evening except Saturday, from Seven till Ten.

Admission, One Shilling; Schools, and Children under Ten years of age, half-price.

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FIRST FRENCH DRAMATIC READING will take place on WEDNESDAY next, 28th June, at Eight o'clock in the Evening, by kind permission, at 13, Upper Wimpole Street, Cavendish Square. Introduction and Second Canto of "Les Moines de Jellon," and three original Fabrics by the Chevalier de Chatelein.

Tickets for the Series, One Guinea, to be obtained of W. Jeffs, 15, Burlington Arcade, and of the Chevalier de Chatelein, Professor of French Literature, 27, Grafton Place, Euston Square.

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Mr. Tennant is Agent for the sale of Sopwith's Geological Models, which can be had in Sets, from £2 to £5 each; also for M. Barrande's *Système Silurien du Centre de la Bohême*, Vol. I., is just published, containing 1000 pages. Map and fifty-two plates. Royal 4to. Two Parts. Cloth boards. Prague. 1853. Price £3. Contents.—Introduction Historique et Équisse Géologique. The remainder is devoted to general Studies on the Trilobites, particularly of Bohemia. The Second and Third Volumes are in a forward state for publication.

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IMPORTANT TO AUTHORS.

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John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Just published, price 18s., 8vo, half-bound morocco,
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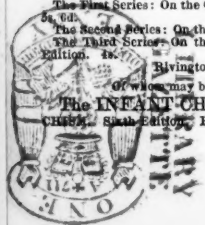
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5, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

REVIEWS.

Siluria. By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, F.R.S., V.P.G.S., &c. Murray.

MORE than twenty years have passed since Sir Roderick Murchison commenced those brilliant researches among the most ancient sedimentary rocks that have secured for him a lasting place among eminent geologists. Before he investigated, analysed, and defined the Silurian system of formations, the knowledge possessed by naturalists of the earliest phenomenon of life in our planet was scanty in the extreme—indeed, rather deserving the name of utter ignorance. Under the vague term of 'greywacke' were included rocks of different ages, structures, organic characters, and vast thickness. To bring this chaos into order was the Herculean task undertaken by the author of 'Siluria,' and admirably has he performed the labour. The energy of fifty hammers, guided by as many good heads, all striking at once, could not exceed that of the one man who founded the Silurian system, one of the greatest advances that have been made in our time towards the consolidation of geological science. It is difficult for those whose scientific careers have commenced since the publication of Sir Roderick's first great work, to understand now the peculiar condition of palæozoic geology at the time he started upon his scientific mission. All seems so orderly, clear, and self-evident—Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian, being words that convey definite and precise meanings to the youngest student of a school of mines or geological class-room—that we cannot picture to ourselves the darkness and confusion out of which the definitions were eliminated. The test of the grandeur of the feat that has been achieved is often to be found in the simplicity and order that result from its performance, compared with the obscurity that preceded. Judged by this test the name of Murchison must stand high indeed.

It is the proud boast of British geologists that the foundations of many of the great sections of their science, and the establishment of most of the realms in time enrolled in the scale of formations constituting the crust of the earth, were originated within their native archipelago. The very provincial jargon of working miners and quarrymen, and the local appellations given to rock and soil by our peasants, have become scientific terms, established in the language of philosophical treatises all over the world. When a name was wanting and could not be taken from these illiterate sources, it was struck in a British mint, and among all the stamps that mark the world's rocks as British claims, one of the most widely current and permanently graven is that of 'Silurian.' An old British people, a tribe of borderers, who, under the leadership of the famous Caractacus, fought the Romans, has given its name to far-spreading territories; and could the old Silures be summoned once more to life, they would have some difficulty in finding the true Siluria, so many offsets of their ancient kingdom are now dotted over the map of the world. Since the system named after this province was first announced, Silurian strata have been detected far and wide over the face of the earth. In Germany, France, Scandinavia, Russia, Spain, and the Medi-

terranean, a Silurian basis has been found on which the other fossiliferous rocks successively repose. In Siberia, China, and India, Silurian strata have either been already demonstrated or the next thing to it. In both North and South Africa the rocks that come next in order have already been detected. In Australia well-marked Silurian types are proved to exist. In North America is one of the grandest developments of the Silurian system in the world, one that has engaged the attention, and almost called into fame many minds of force and note, and that displays both physical and palæontological features in wonderful variety and profusion. In South America there are indications of strata of similar age. Now, the precise geology of these most ancient systems of sedimentary rocks in all these far-spreading regions, dates the history of its development from the year of the publication of the 'Silurian System,' and can be traced in every instance to the foundations established by the illustrious author of that work. The consciousness of having originated so grand a survey of the most ancient elements of the earth's structure, and the oldest manifestations of life on our planet's surface, is in itself a glorious reward to reap in a life-time.

In the volume before us a considerable part of the subject-matter of his first great work is embodied by the author. Its characteristic and peculiar feature, however, lies in the illustration of the original theme by the numerous discoveries that have been made since the year 1839, when the 'Silurian System' was published. During the interval, much that is most interesting concerning primeval life has been elucidated, and a wonderful amount of fresh facts gathered bearing upon the structure and affinity of the earliest forms of animal life. By bringing this onward flow of science to bear upon the results of his exertions among the more ancient rocks, Sir Roderick deserves, and will receive, the thanks of every true geologist.

From a work of this kind it is difficult to quote fragments, yet we would wish to show the method of its construction in a mineralogical fashion—viz., by the production of a specimen. The following notice of the vertical dimensions of the Silurian rocks of the British Isles, may serve to show the non-geological reader the immensity of the formations under discussion, and the vast lapses of time that must have rolled on during their deposition:—

"We have as yet no means of accurately estimating the thickness of the older deposits of Scotland and Ireland which have been treated of in this chapter; but I find, on consulting with Professor James Nicol, that the Scottish section given at p. 152, can hardly represent less than 50,000 feet, although we have no indication that the bottom of the sedimentary series is reached, nor have we anything like a completion of the upper Silurian rocks. With the extension of the geological survey to Ireland (a benefit which it is hoped Scotland may also soon enjoy), we may ere long be furnished with the requisite data respecting the sister isle.

"In the meantime, reverting to the typical region of Wales and the adjacent English counties, as described in the earlier pages to Chapter V. inclusive, we can appeal to the admeasurements of the Government surveyors. In Shropshire, the Longmynd or unfossiliferous bottom rocks (the Cambrian of the Survey) are said to have the thickness of 23,000 feet, or about three times that of the same strata in North Wales; whilst my original Lower Silurian strata of Shropshire to the west of the Longmynd exhibit a width of 14,000. On the other hand, in the region between the Menai

Straits and the Berwyn Mountains, where the bottom rocks are so much less copious than in Shropshire, the fossiliferous Lower Silurian, from the base of the Lingula flags to the top of the Llandeilo or Bala formation, (including the stratified igneous rocks,) swells out to about 19,000 feet, and the Caradoc sandstone, on the borders of Radnor and Montgomery, has a thickness of from 4000 to 5000 feet. Taking the greatest dimensions, we are, therefore, presented with the prodigious measurement of about 50,000 feet of sedimentary strata, in the lower half of which no fossils have been found, the upper part, as above described, bearing a group of fossils to which allusion has already been made, and whose chief characters will be specially considered in the sequel. Although of such vast volume in parts of the region described, it must be observed that the Lower Silurian rocks of other tracts, though precisely of the same age, as proved by their imbedded organic remains, are often comparatively of very small dimensions.

"Though more replete with fossils than the inferior group, the Upper Silurian rocks attain nowhere a greater thickness than from 5000 to 6000 feet, the Ludlow rocks being for the most part more developed than the Wenlock formation. In this way the whole of the fossiliferous Silurians of England and Wales, measured from the Lingula beds to the Ludlow rocks inclusive, have the enormous maximum dimensions of about 30,000 feet; and if we add the conformable underlying sedimentary masses of pretty similar mineral aspect, but in which no fossils have been found, we have before us a pile of subaqueous deposits reaching to the stupendous thickness of 56,000 feet, or upwards of ten miles!"

It is in the concluding chapter that the less practical student will perhaps find more subjects for reflection. The following passages embody some of the author's views concerning the classification of the Palæozoic strata as founded on biological facts:—

"In speaking of the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian rocks, let me however explain, that whilst each of the three latter groups occupy wide spaces in certain regions, no one of them is of equal value with the Silurian, in representing time or the succession of animal life in the crust of the globe. When the Silurian system was divided into lower and upper parts, our acquaintance with younger formations simply sufficed to show a complete distinction between its animal remains as a whole and those of the Carboniferous rocks, from which it is separated by the thick accumulations of the Old Red Sandstone. At that period, the shelly, slaty rocks of Devonshire were not known to be the equivalents of such Old Red Sandstone; still less had the relations and fossil contents of the strata now called Permian been ascertained. Judging from the fossils then collected, it was believed, that the Lower Silurian contained organic remains very distinct from those of the Upper Silurian; and yet the two groups were united in a system, because they were characterized throughout by a common *facies*. This so-called system was, in short, typified by a profusion of Trilobites and Graptolites, with Orthides and Pentameri of a type wholly unknown in the Carboniferous rocks. And whilst fishes were seen to exist in the intermediate masses of Old Red Sandstone, no traces of them could be detected below the very uppermost zone of the Silurian rocks. Nineteen years have elapsed, and, after the most vigilant researches in various regions of both hemispheres, these great features remain the same as when first indicated. The labours, however, of those who followed me, have infinitely more sustained the unity of that system; for its lower and upper divisions are now proved to be connected, not only by such generic types and analogous forms, but further by the community of a very considerable number of identical bodies.

"In a broad classification of primeval life, one eminent naturalist views the Devonian, Carboniferous, and Permian rocks as simply the Upper Palæozoic; the Silurian rocks constituting the

Lower Palaeozoic. But, whether this ancient series be divided into double or triple classes (some palaeontologists preferring to hold the Devonian as a separate and intermediate type), the result of the researches of the numerous authors appealed to in this volume has unquestionably justified the application of the term 'system' to the Silurian rocks.

"At the close of the Permian era, an infinitely greater change took place in life, than that which marked the ascent from the Silurian system to the overlying groups. The earlier races then disappeared (at least all the species), and were replaced by an entirely new creation, the generic types of which were continued through those long epochs which geologists term secondary or mesozoic (the medieval age of extinct beings). In these, again, the reader will learn, by consulting the works of many writers, how one formation followed another, each characterized by different creatures; many of them, however, exhibiting near their downward and upward limits certain fossils which link on one reign of life to another.

"In surveying the whole series of formations, the practical geologist is fully impressed with the conviction, that there has, at all periods, subsisted a very intimate connexion between the existence, or at all events the preservation of animals, and the media in which they have been fossilized. The chief seat of former life in each geological epoch, is often marked by a calcareous mass, mostly in a central part, towards which the animals increase from below, and whence they diminish upwards. Thus, the Llandoil limestone of the Lower Silurian and the Wenlock of the Upper Silurian, are respectively centres of animalization of each of those groups. In like manner, the Eifel limestone is the truest index of the Devonian, the Mountain limestone of the Carboniferous, and the Zechstein or English Magnesian limestone of the Permian. Throughout the secondary rocks the same law prevails more or less; and wherever the typical limestone of a natural group is absent, there we perceive the deposits to be ill-characterized by organic remains. For example, the Trias, so rich in fossil contents when its great calcareous centre the Muschelkalk is present, as in Germany and France, is a miserably sterile formation in Britain, where, as in our New Red Sandstone, no such limestone exists."

Sir Roderick contends strongly for the absence of similar geographical arrangements with those now regulating the distribution of land and sea. For this view, although he can scarcely claim the support of all his geological brethren, he urges arguments that are, at least, highly plausible, and certainly worthy of consideration:—

"If the old continents and islands, which existed during the accumulation of the marine Silurian deposits had borne large trees, the numerous researches of geologists in all quarters of the globe must have brought to light some signs of them. For, whilst we know that there are rocks of considerable extent, which, from the fine nature of their materials, may probably have been deposited in an ocean at some distance from a shore, (though we have as yet little or no evidence as to the accumulation of sediment in deep seas, where no currents prevail:) there are, on the other hand, many Silurian districts of the Old and New World, where the form and structure of the deposits bespeak the action of waves and surge, and where the imbedded seaweeds, zoophytes, and other remains, compel us to adopt the same view. And if the primeval fauna does afford fewer spiral univalve shells, than are seen among the animals of the laminarian zones of our modern seas, we may suggest that shore lines, as we understand them, must have been much less numerous in primeval epochs than at the present day; now that the surface has been diversified by lofty dividing ridges on the land and corresponding depressions in the ocean. With this important reservation, we do, however, obtain as many of those signs of shores as we can expect to find in the earlier deposits.

"Take, for example, the illustrations of this

point furnished by the American geologists, from a very wide extent of their country, where the strata are nearly horizontal, and where, without any ambiguity, our kinsmen have traced life downwards in the successive crusts of the earth, to the same primordial zone as their contemporaries have done in Britain, Scandinavia, and Bohemia. The Americans have evidences in their lowest Silurian beds of numerous trails or tracks of animals, whether crustaceans or gasteropods, which moved over a film of mud or sand formed by one tide before another covered the impressions, and left them as proofs to future ages of layers which were deposited on the shores and edges of former lands. Again, in other Silurian beds of the far West, there exists the same abundance of coral reefs as in Britain, and the still stronger evidence of pebbly shores, which, though they must have been beaten by waves, never contain the trace of a land plant. Why, therefore, wander from such plain facts into the region of theory? And why not admit what is, indeed, in accordance with all we have observed, that the very long Silurian era had nearly passed away before trees grew upon the land or fishes swam in the waters?

"In the fundamental facts described in this volume, we cannot, therefore, but recognise arrangements, which, though perfect as respected all truly primeval creatures and plants, were essentially different from those of our own time. For, if the then existing continents or islands had borne trees, some fragments of them must have been transported into adjacent estuaries, and mixed in the mud and sand, like the vegetables of every subsequent epoch, by the agency of those great streams, of whose mechanical power we have such decisive proofs. The Silurian rocks extend over areas as large, if not larger, than any great system of the following periods; and yet in them alone, I repeat, is there an entire absence of an arborescent vegetation, derived from the then adjacent lands.

"And here it is well to remind the student of the wide, if not universal spread of the primeval strata. In the annexed small general map of the world are represented all the regions over which one or more of the primeval fossil groups are known to exist, as well as those crystalline rocks, which were formed before, or are associated with them. In viewing the dark tint of this map we may suppose, that when such extensive palaeozoic sea bottoms were raised into lands, the former continents, from which the sediments had been derived, were submerged. But be this as it may, it is a fact, that in all quarters of the globe, Silurian strata constantly lie in juxtaposition to the other overlying palaeozoic formations; and hence it is impossible to apply to the lowest strata any reasoning which does not equally refer to those which repose upon them. For, as the Silurian rocks are constantly found in the same longitudes and latitudes as the Devonian and Carboniferous, why is it that in the one there are never found traces of vertebrata and land plants, and that in the same places remains of both these classes abound in the other? By no theoretical suggestion, therefore, can the fair inference be evaded, that things which did not exist during the Silurian period, were created in the very same tracts during the following ages."

The beautiful volume which contains this general yet detailed *coup d'œil* of the present condition of Silurian Geology is profusely illustrated with excellent plates and woodcuts; so numerous, indeed, are the illustrations, that the work will serve all the purposes of a palaeontological manual and field companion for the explorer of the older palaeozoic rocks. The number of well-selected views and sections ornamenting its pages is very great. Throughout the labours of others are cited with just appreciation, and merit given where merit is due. Sir Roderick is a true Highlander in this respect, holding that the glory of a chieftain lies in the number and power of his clan. He has indeed gathered about him a noble army of investigators, who

have worthily trodden in the path opened out by their leader. Most gratifying, too, must it be to him to perceive how the minutely detailed and laborious researches of the Government surveyors in the British Islands, as well as those of the several States in North America, have all consolidated and confirmed his chief conclusions and classifications, and have rendered to him that award of authority which is ever held by the original discoverer as the most precious of acknowledgments.

Suggestions for the Future Provision of Criminal Lunatics. By W. Charles Hood, M.D. John Churchill.

THE official position and professional experience of Dr. Hood render his suggestions of considerable weight in regard to the important subject discussed in this volume. It has long been generally felt that the class of patients denominated 'criminal lunatics,' should not be mixed up with the ordinary inmates of asylums throughout the country, and various propositions have been before the Government for the establishment of some distinct provision for their custody. In 1852 Lord Shaftesbury brought a bill into the House of Lords, and last year Lord St. Leonards again brought the matter before the House; but difficulties have been found to stand in the way of a satisfactory measure being yet attained. The difficulty of defining and distinguishing 'criminal lunacy' is not the least obstacle by which legislation, at once just and merciful, is retarded. The remarks of Dr. Hood on the definition of criminal lunacy deserve attention, and we commend the book to the notice of all interested in the subject, quoting the summary of general suggestions given by him at the end of his treatise:—

"1st. That in the distribution of criminal lunatics a principle of classification should be recognised, and that the highest class of offenders should, under the Queen's warrant, be confined, either in Bethlehem or in some recognised State asylum. 2nd. That criminal lunatics who have committed offences of a minor description, should be confined under the Secretary of State's warrant in the county asylums which are established in the counties to which they respectively belong. 3rd. That, for the reasons above assigned, it being inexpedient to erect a central lunatic asylum; every county asylum should be required to provide a special ward and airing court in connexion with it, where the safe custody of this class of patients shall be ensured. 4th. That the association of criminal lunatics with other patients must depend upon circumstances, which should be left to the discretion of the superintendent or medical officer of the asylum, whose reasons for allowing such association should in every case be submitted to the Commissioners in Lunacy for their consideration and approval. 5th. That convicts becoming insane in prisons should not be sent to county asylums, but that a criminal ward, or some other appropriate place, in connexion with the infirmary of the prison, should be appointed for the confinement of such patients, who should be placed under the immediate charge of the medical officer of the prison, and there remain under his treatment until the term of their imprisonment has expired; a report of the case being at the same time forwarded to the Commissioners in Lunacy, to be by them transmitted to the Secretary of State. 6th. That criminal lunatics, when received into lunatic asylums by the warrant of the Secretary of State, should be placed under the immediate jurisdiction of the Commissioners in Lunacy, who should be empowered to require periodical reports from the superintendents and medical officers of such asylums respecting their bodily and mental state of health. Furthermore, that the Commissioners

in Lunacy should be empowered to take measures for the discharge of such criminal lunatics as recover their reason, whether by reporting their state of sanity to the Secretary of State, or otherwise; and that they should have the entire control over the classification and general management of this class of patients.

"It only remains for me to add, that I submit these suggestions with great deference to the consideration and judgment of the Legislature and the authorities connected with the administration of the Laws of Lunacy, in the full assurance that,—desirous of ameliorating the condition of all classes of insane persons—they will readily listen to any propositions which may be made with a view of removing the evils and inconveniences attendant upon the present distribution of our Criminal Lunatics; and that they will duly appreciate any practical measures which can be devised for organizing a better system for their future provision."

In discussing the several propositions forming this summary of suggestions, Dr. Hood refers to the principal works of other writers on the subject, so that his volume is a valuable book of reference in the present state of public inquiry regarding the best disposal and treatment of criminal lunatics.

Memorials of the Life of Amelia Opie. By Cecilia Lucy Brightwell. Longman and Co.

[Concluding Notice.]

THE Quaker period of Mrs. Opie's life commenced with much of the religious enthusiasm and quaintness of the sect. She began to speak of the day and month by number, not by name, and to use the thee and thou; and, notwithstanding her love of bright colours, and of parrots and prisms, she attired herself in the sombre costume of the Society, exchanging the hat and feathers for a poke bonnet, and the pink domino for a robe of unassuming silk. The gaieties of her past life rose up before her like so many remonstrating spirits. "I begin to feel," she records in her journal, "that my time must be made profitable, or I cannot be happy; my solitary evenings are my happiest time, and shortest, because employed. Oh! that I had earlier thought thus. Then would 'my peace have been as a river, and my righteousness as the waves of the sea'—perhaps—but I am, and was, vile." She attended Sick Poor Committees and Magdalen Committees, yet, in journalising her ministrations, a smartly dramatic reminiscence would occasionally escape from her pen. "O that workhouse!" says Mrs. Opie, after making an entry of a visit of charity. "There's something rotten in the state of Denmark!" and on passing the forest of Ardennes, after spending the Sunday with some "dear and endeared brethren and sisters at N," she writes in a parenthesis, "No doubt that of the *Duke, Rosalind, &c.*" But the natural vivacity of her spirits refused to be bound by the conventional formalities of the Friends, and she was again led to taste, in a modified degree, of the pleasures of society. Between the sixtieth and seventieth years of her age she twice visited Paris, and ascended the Rhine to within sight of the Alps. The Countess of Cork and Orrery began to twit her for her lugubrious bearing; "I have too much self, not to feel it a tug at my heart, the *no-chance* I have of enjoying your society. Will your primitive cap never dine with me? Pray, pray, do not put on the bonnet. So come to me and be my love, in a dove-coloured garb and simple head-dress. I could fill a paper with fun, but the cold water of your last makes me end my letter. What!

do you give up Holkham, your singing and music; and do you really see harm in singing? God bless you! Adieu!" But, to quote Mrs. Opie's words, "such is the sweet pliability of woman's nature," she enjoyed the society of many busy celebrities after this, both in London and in the French metropolis. "The parties on a seventh day eve," writes the gentle quakeress, "at the Jardin des Plantes (Baron Cuvier's) are pleasanter than ever, ambassadeurs, savans, sages, députés, historiens, &c. &c." Her curiosity was excited, too, on this occasion by a description of the Saint Simonien; and upon it being remarked to her by a Frenchman, "What a triumph it would be to them to get off that little cap, and see it exchanged for their large black hat and feathers," she half resolved to visit them. "As they agree with Friends on two points, I am sometimes tempted to go one evening—*nous verrons.*" "Here I have been in Paris six weeks!" continues Mrs. Opie; "I came for four, but how could I quit this *beau Paris, et les aimables Parisiens, que j'ai trouvés ici*?"

"I have engaged lodgings for a month, at the Hôtel de Douvres; my apartment looks on the Rue de la Paix, and I can also see the Boulevard des Capucins! an excellent situation, but the rooms so small!—Well! a month is soon gone, and at the end of it I may be gone too; who knows!"

"I dine at five, and at eight shall go to M. Cuvier's * * * though I went early, the room was full enough to make me feel a wish I had come earlier; most of the faces were unknown to me. By half-past nine the room was almost full, of, I believe, persons all distinguished in some way or another. 'Who is that gentleman?' said I, 'Oh! nothing particularly distinguished, he is only *un homme d'esprit.*' 'Only *un homme d'esprit*!' replied another, what a compliment! when wit is so scarce."

"Soon, Baron de Humboldt was announced, and I was looking eagerly round for my old and valued acquaintance, when M. Cuvier led him to me. I was very glad to see him, but sorry to hear he was going to England. We had not met for sixteen years. 'You find him then grown grey,' (said la Baronne.) True, but he was embellished, for he was grown fat, and really is now good looking."

"Another pleasure awaited me, in the entrance of my friend David, who did not know of my arrival; he was indeed surprised, but hurt, (and perhaps with justice,) that I had not let him know I was come or coming."

"David speaks highly of the king, and says, while mounting guard the other morning, he saw him in his night-cap, walking on the terrace. Poor man! I daresay he cannot sleep much!"

"Happy low, lie down,

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"David has sent me the bust of Lafayette, and some other things to England. Well! they will be there I trust to cheer me when I return, (if in mercy permitted to do so,) and have bidden to Paris a probably eternal adieu!"

"By all means go to Lafayette's on Tuesday," (said two or three gentlemen to me.) *Nous verrons*,—he does not receive at his own house now, but in his staff house, in the Montblanc. * * * I certainly much enjoyed la Baronne's party, and her tea, and her cakes. I came home a little past midnight."

Then follows, in singular contrast, a record of the next day's Friends' Meeting in the Champs Elysées. "Our sitting was still, and, I trust, favoured. What a great privilege it is not to feel solitude a trial, but a pleasure!" In such alternations of excitement and repose Mrs. Opie's life was now spent, reminding us, for the most part, by these abrupt transitions from the secular to the spiritual, of similar

entries in the diary of Wilberforce. A visit to Lafayette, the hero of her youth, is told with great spirit:—

"(3rd day, 9th.) I and my baggage arrived, this morning, at my new apartments, at the hôtel de Douvres. * * * I have bought an orange tree full of flowers! how it embellishes and perfumes my little room! it is quite an acquisition! At eight I shall go to the General's, to catch him before he is *entouré*, if possible; but alas! he receives at the *État Major* of the *Garde Nationale* now; I shall feel as if going to court! * * * Dressed all in my best, and going off! the house is only across the Boulevards—my valet seems rather pleased, I think, to be going to Lafayette's; he is a most pleasing servant, and it is as cheap, and certainly better, for me to have a valet than a maid-servant. * * * Well;—the *fiacre* is here—not a word more till to-morrow."

"(4th day, 10th.) * * * Though, at one period of my life, I was accustomed to follow my name into rooms filled with lords and ladies, and perhaps princes,—the confidence, which custom gives, was so annihilated in me by long disuse, that, as I ascended the wide staircase of the splendid hôtel of the *État Major*, I desired that my name might not be announced; and I was the more satisfied that it was not, when I found the general was not arrived, and there were many gentlemen whom I did not know, assembled in both the apartments, or (as the French call them) *les salons de reception*. I know not when I have felt more ill at ease; and, feeling myself in a sort of Court, and waiting the appearance, if not of a king, of a much greater man, and one whose influence was nearly supreme over France—I sighed, as I looked at my simple Quaker dress, and considered whether I had any business there; and shrunk into a corner,—for the first time in my life wishing the apartment I was in less brilliantly lighted. The ladies of the family, as the General dined out, did not think it necessary to come as early as usual, and thus was my painful solitude, in the midst of a crowd, unusually lengthened; at length a small door at one corner of the room opened, and the Commander-in-chief appeared; a sort of circle instantly formed around him, he shook each individual of it by the hand, and then made his way up to where I stood, and welcomed me most kindly to Paris; but he could not tarry with me, and was soon again surrounded. A young man, (name unknown,) feeling for the awkwardness of my position, then entered into conversation with me, and I was contentedly chatting with him, when Madame G. Lafayette, and the rest of the General's amiable and lovely family came in, and I went forward to meet them. Soon after the room was filled; the officers of the National Guard, Americans of both sexes, deputies, ladies, men of letters, artists—the distinguished and the non-distinguished, thronged both the saloons; while the General passed from room to room, with a smile and a proffered hand to each in turn. I felt the scene a royal one, as it were, but there was one marked difference to those at which I have been present, when I met the late king (then Prince of Wales and Regent) in the London assemblies. The Prince never went to the company, they came to him; Lafayette, on the contrary, assumed no state, but was as simple-mannered as usual, and apparently as unconscious of his increased consequence, as he was in his assemblies of last year; and I believe that there was scarcely an eye present that did not follow him with love, nor a heart that did not rejoice in the seeming perfection of his strength, and the enduring freshness of that cheek, which a life of temperance and usefulness has preserved in lasting freshness."

"I know not when I have seen so much beauty in the youth of both sexes, as I saw last night. The young men, particularly those in the National Guard, looked so very animated, so very happy! and their uniform was so simple, and so becoming therefore, but, plain as it generally was, that of the Commander-in-chief was plainer still. The evening was only too short and pleasing. I felt elated,

but at the same time overwhelmed, with the kind attentions and flatteries, which, as a woman of letters, I received; and again queried whether I ought to be there; but I knew I had a duty to fulfil, a sort of commission to execute, and I resolved not to leave the house till I had done it.

"Accordingly, when it was past midnight, I watched the General to a seat, and begged an audience of him, putting into his hand a little paper, containing an extract from a letter, (from a dear friend of mine, a member of our society,) wishing Lafayette to request the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, and also an expression in writing, of my valued friend Fowell Buxton's wishes, that he would lend all his powerful aid to this great cause.

"He took my paper and assured me he had already talked with the minister of *la marine* on the subject, and that they were going to declare the trade piracy, as we had done in England, and as the Americans had done also. Alas! how little is this! and we know how the law is evaded! I took my leave, saying, that while liberty was in so many places the order of the day, and would probably be all over Europe, I did hope that the cause of Africa would at length triumph also—but when?

"I feel, and own, that France has yet much work to do at home, and interests nearer and dearer to attend to; but I, for one, shall be sadly disappointed if she does not ultimately take up this long-neglected cause, and set a great example to other nations.

"Amongst the crowd I saw, for a moment, Benjamin Constant, and saw, with pain, that his truly valuable health has suffered since last year, but his noble mind seems as vigorous as ever! how just are his views, and how eloquent his expressions of them!

"Among those also present were the Baron de Humboldt, General Carbonnel, David the sculptor, Le Brun the dramatic poet, &c. &c.

"Having executed my commission to the General, and also given him the promise I had felt such pleasure in netting for him, I withdrew; his son attending me to my coach."

And again, at a soirée of the great French General, whither Mrs. Opie was attracted by spangled uniforms and plumes, without even the excuse of a commission in the cause of Africa:—

"We could scarcely enter the second room, it was so full! and the military caps and plumes in the midst of it were like a forest! Count de L. came up to us, 'Observe the Prince de Salon,' said he, 'in a splendid scarlet and silver uniform: he is come to pay his court to the General; he wants to be king of Belgium!' I did see him, a lively-looking, short young man, dazzling in silver embroidery. How different the costume of a Polish Palatine, who soon after entered! dignified in his carriage, but looking like a priest, rather than a soldier; his tunic was black; the tops of the sleeves were full; round his waist was a girdle of gold-lace, full four inches deep; and I think his gold-handled sword and dagger were fastened with something of gold fringe. His hair, of a reddish brown, was cut square on the forehead, and hung squared also below the nape of his neck; he was young and remarkable-looking, and the tone of his voice deep, rich, and sweet. I should have liked to have talked to him, and tell him I knew Kosciuszko; I saw my dress excited his curiosity as much as his did mine. The evening was interesting. I talked with Americans who were named to me, and with Frenchmen, who neither knew me, nor I them; but we were jumbled together in the crowd, and politics and the great days are themes which naturally occur. I saw also with interest the Prince of Moscha, the eldest son of Marechal Ney. We did not get home till twelve."

Another notability of Mrs. Opie's acquaintance was Madame de Genlis:—

"(2nd day, 22nd.) Had engaged to go to David's atelier, and to Antommarchi's to see the mask of Napoleon, when C. Moreau called early to say he had intended to take me to call on

Madame de Genlis, who had promised, if it was fine, to dine with him, but as it rained, he feared she would not come; however, we could call on her. I told him I was engaged till four, but would then call at his house, to go or not, as he pleased. Went to D.'s and was delighted with all I saw. Goethe, General Foy, and a brilliant, &c. &c. Went to A.'s *au quatrième*—very high and fatiguing; but remembered the reward of my toil—the cast, and the fine view from his windows, the cast was there, the view gone, walled up! poor man! I would not, could not stay there; the cast more than ever recalled to me Napoleon when First Consul! There was also there a fine print from the picture of Napoleon on his death-bed. Antommarchi so like! I then drove to Moreau's; the weather was become fine, and we went to La Comtesse de Genlis'; she received me kindly, and I, throwing myself on my feelings, and remembering how much I owed her in the days of my childhood, became enthusiastically drawn towards her very soon. She is a really pretty old woman of eighty-seven, very unaffected, with nothing of smartness, or affected state or style about her. We passed through her bed-room (in which hung a crucifix) to her *salon*, where she sat, much muffled up, over her wood fire; she had dined at three o'clock, not expecting to be able to go out; but as the weather was fine, she soon consented to accompany us, but she, laughing, said, she must now go without '*sa belle robe*.' We said in *any* gown she would be welcome; she then put on a very pretty white silk bonnet and a clean frill, and we set off. I set them down at C. Moreau's, and came home to dress, but long before the dinner-hour I was at C. M.'s again, and took my post at the side of Madame de Genlis. A party of distinguished men came to dinner. The table was spread with a mixture of excellent English as well as French dishes; roast beef, boiled turkey, plum puddings, and *mince pies*! the latter the very best of the sort! Madame M. is an Englishwoman. As usual, St. Simon and his preaching and doctrines were discussed, and, at my end of the table, laughed at. Madame de G. did not talk much at dinner, but by her attention to what passed, and an occasional remark, it was evident nothing was lost upon her. After C. Moreau had given her health, with a most appropriate and flattering speech, wishing her to live many, many years, Julien l'Encyclopédiste gave the health of the King.

"I thought Madame de G. conducted herself on this occasion with much simple dignity; yet it was a proud moment for her. She murmured something (and looked at me) about wishing the health of Madame Opie to be drunk; but no one heard her but myself, and I was really glad. When we rose from table, most of the gentlemen accompanied us. The room now filled with French, English, and Americans; many were presented to the venerable Countess, next to whom I sat, and then to me; she seemed to enjoy a scene to which for some time she had been a stranger. I found, while I was conversing on some interesting subjects, she had been observing me. Afterwards she said, '*Je vous aime!*' she then added, with an archness of countenance and vivacity of manner, the remnant of her best days, '*je vous sème*,' (imitating the bad pronunciation of some foreigner.) At half-past ten I saw C. Moreau lead Madame de G. out, and I followed them, and paid her every attention in my power, for which she was grateful; when I had wrapt her up, and put on her bonnet for her, my servant got a coach, and C. M., another gentleman, and myself, conducted her home."

Shortly after this Madame de Genlis was found dead in her bed:—

"(New Year's day.) Had many cards, and sent many also. Some callers; several Americans; I gave some my autograph, and lines to Lafayette. * * * What a longing, though I fear vain, desire do I feel to do good to those over whom I have any influence. J. J. G.'s 'Letter' was my New Year's gift both to men and women.

"(1st day, 2nd.) Went to Meeting, afterward to see poor Madame de Genlis in her coffin! Happily arrived too late! was introduced to some dear friends of the deceased, who for her sake received me *à bras ouverts*, because she loved me! I promised to go to her interment.

"(3rd day, 4th.) Went to meet the mourners assembled for poor Madame de Genlis' funeral; General Gérard was presented to me. At night went to Lafayette's as usual, and was introduced to many persons.

"(5th day, 13th.) Went to see the diorama of the three days; got there just as Lafayette left it!—In the evening to Mark Wilks'; a delightful evening! met the Duchess de Broglie.

"(28th.) Had a brilliant party of distinguished persons. I was rich in characters; Baron Cuvier, Gérard and his wife, Firman Rogier, the Belgic deputy; General Pépé, the famous Neapolitan chief, who brought with him Count de Almeida, a Portuguese minister to Donna Maria; Cooper, Koseff, the witty physician of Talleyrand; H. Chuter, a man of letters, Colonel de Kay, a young and gallant *chef d'escadre*, who distinguished himself for his skill and bravery in Buenos Ayres. There were persons of ten nations present. It was a choice party and pleasant evening; I hope I was not improperly elated, and was certainly thankful for this, amongst other favours."

We must now make room for a letter, written about this time, descriptive of a visit to the Court:—

"Hôtel de la Paix, 3rd mo. 7th, 1831.

"* * * At least I will begin a letter to thee, my dear friend, to-day, *reste à savoir* whether I shall be able to finish it. I am amused (yet that is not the word) at seeing the formidable appearance which the little disturbances here make in the papers. I, living in the Rue and Hôtel de la Paix, know nothing of them, therefore they are certainly local and nothing of consequence. We are most anxiously expecting the news from Poland. One of my most agreeable associates here, Count de Platen, left Paris, as he said, for London; but he is fighting at Warsaw! having been obliged to enter Poland in disguise. I am glad now I was not at home when he called to take leave. * * * But to a less painful theme.—I had the pleasure of spending the evening of last first day week, seated *en famille* by the side of Marie Amélie, *Reine des Français*—in other words, I have been to court; and, as the phrase is, most graciously received. La Marquise de D., *dame d'honneur de la Reine*, came to my morning reception the day before, and told me the Queen desired to see me the next evening. I said I went nowhere on first day, but this should be an exception to a general rule. She replied, that if I had a scruple, she would ask the Queen for another day; I told her I had no scruple, for I felt sure there would be less company than usual. 'No one scarcely but the family.' This was just what I hoped and wished, and we parted.

"I wanted to go at half-past eight, but my man was so sure they could not be risen from dinner, that he persuaded me not to set off till twenty minutes before nine, by which delay I failed to see the King, who, tired out with business, was gone to bed before I arrived. I was alone, and I really thought the long suite of rooms would have no end. At last I was shown into a long room, at the end of which I saw some ladies sitting round a table; as I entered, an English lady, coming out, caught my hand, and said, 'I must speak to you.' I returned the pressure, saying, 'I remember thee'; and then saw la Marquise de D. coming to meet me. '*Je viens à votre secours*,' said she, and we approached the table, on which the Queen, and la Princesse d'Orléans, rose, and said, '*Bon jour*, Madame Opie,' the Queen adding, 'Sit down by me, I am glad to see you, I have read your works,'—and so forth. My friend, the marquise, sat on the other side; round the table sat two of the princesses, and some *dames d'honneur*, and the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were standing near it. I cannot tell thee all the conversation that

ensued, nor all the interesting questions which I had to answer; but I found the Queen a very pious-minded woman, and thou wilt think so, when I tell thee one of her most favourite works, and one she has given to her daughters, is the life of Mary Fletcher, the Methodist, lately translated into French. The Queen, at length, resumed her work, (making a sort of silk *charpie* or lint, to stuff *chauffe pieds* with.) 'As it is Sunday (said she) I cannot do any other work; but I do not like to sit idle, and when one works, it is pleasant to know one is working for the poor—this is for a lottery for the poor.' I asked the Marquise the name of the lady I had met going out. 'Walker.' 'Then I was right,' I cried. 'Oui, Madame Opie,' said the Queen, 'I knew her well.' 'And she was one of my most intimate friends,' said Mademoiselle d'Orleans. 'And she was very good to me,' said I, instantly recollecting (what I did not choose to mention,) namely, that being in the habit of singing Italian duos formerly, with that very lady, and going one night by invitation to a musical party at her house, when I entered, she came up to me, saying, 'Oh! my dear, I am so sorry: I invited you this evening, in order to present you to the Count d'Artois, (Charles Dix,) I wanted him to hear you sing, but he is ill, and can't come!' I do not know how many years afterwards, and after a long separation, I met my singing friend, her daughter, in the palace of Louis Philippe * * * —I am thine, with love to distribute,

—A. OPIE."

In 1835, Mrs. Opie made an excursion to the Rhine, and in her journal, and in letters to Mr. Brightwell, she gives a vigorous and glowing description of its scenery, too long, however, for extract. Her pen was ever busy. "If writing were ever an effort to me," writes Mrs. Opie, in the eightieth year of her age, "I should not now be alive, but must have been *absolument épuisée*; and it might have been inserted in the bills of mortality—"Dead of letter-writing, A. Opie." My maid and I were calculating the other day how many letters I wrote in the year, and it is not less than six in a day, besides notes." And her spirits were not less buoyant even down to the eventful year 1851, when she visited the Great Exhibition, and proposed a race in wheel-chairs with her old acquaintance Miss Berry. In November of the following year Amelia Opie died. She had, up to a late period of her life, been a constant attendant in the Norwich Courts, and many were the jokes which her frequent attendance elicited. On one occasion, when seventy-five years of age, while talking with her cousin Baron Alderson and the High Sheriff, she was importuned to go home with them, "Come, brother Opie," said the Judge, as he "tucked me under his arm, and into the carriage I jumped, ashamed, but pleased. Little did I think I should ever ride behind four horses harnessed, and two outriders with trumpets, &c. So much for the escapade of a Judge and High Sheriff." And only two years previous to this, she writes from London, "Every night this week I shall have dined out, and in parties of a most agreeable description;" so that the whole life of this interesting woman, from early youth to advanced age, was one long period of lively companionship and enjoyment.

We have said little of the biographer, for in truth there is little to remark, except that Miss Brightwell has selected her materials with judgment, and does not assume much in her comments. Where she has ventured to generalise upon small things, it has not been without tripping. Mrs. Opie once having a little dog given to her, records in her journal that it was no matter of regret to her "that the poor brute shortly died;" and Miss

Brightwell observes thereupon, "By this remark one is reminded of the fact that she never evinced any disposition to fondle animals. No favourite dog, cat, or bird, was permitted to domicile with her." But, only two pages further on, Mrs. Opie, writing to her husband, says, "The cat and parrot are both well, and the kitten beautiful and merry;" and the biographer, singling out the kitten by a portentous asterisk, remarks—"This creature became a pet. Mrs. Opie taught it some pretty tricks. Mrs. O. often talked to it." Miss Brightwell has, however, performed her task promptly, and in many parts very agreeably. It remains for some future essayist, acquainted with the times in which Mrs. Opie lived, and with the personal history of the many celebrities with whom she associated, to weave these interesting memorials into that kind of living fabric of which Mr. Lockhart has given us such a delightful model in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott.'

Counterparts; or, the Cross of Love. By the Author of 'Charles Auchester.' Smith, Elder, and Co.

Hide and Seek. By W. Wilkie Collins. Bentley.

Magdalen Hepburn. A Story of the Scottish Reformation. By the Author of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' 'Adam Graeme,' &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

IN the new novel by the author of 'Charles Auchester,' inscribed to Mrs. Disraeli as the former was to Mr. Disraeli, the writer upholds the theory of the superiority of the Hebrew race, this time in the person of a physician and his sister in the town of X, which represents Brighton. The scope of the book is to show that people of different temperaments are more adapted to love, than those of similar magnetic or biological states, and there are several blunders made by 'counterparts' marrying each other instead of their opposites. The motto on the title page from Coleridge explains the rationale of this, where it is said, "Two forms that differ in order to correspond: this is the true sense of the word counterpart." A theory convenient when applied to explain matrimonial and other agreements or discrepancies, but liable to abuse, and tending to materialism, as leaving out of view the counteracting influences of mental discipline, not to speak of divine grace, upon natural dispositions and tempers. However, there is much truth in the theory, and the author has given some apt and striking illustrations of its working and effects. Of the story we cannot offer any outline, but merely present some detached extracts. Here is part of a description of Brighton and of its doctors:—

"X was a city on a coast, queen of the Northern Sea, and watcher of the waves. No city ever shone in lights so manifold, ever raised itself into an air so pure, or basked in such brooding sunshine. Prose cannot do it justice, and we are forbidden verse. Even poetry might mock her powers in striving to impart the peculiar and definite character of that ocean-court. A shore of clustered palaces, it enroached not upon the tenure of the deep: a deep which, of all depths the deepest for the heart that sought it there, brake eternally along its stony desert; that from the palace windows was as a dream, and rolled its crushed music through their chambers as a voice of sleep. A peculiar symmetry—whether accidental or intended—prevailed from end to end; for far and far its gleaming architecture

stretched, and melting into a mistlike light where the dazzling cliffs rose visionary, seemed lost in a heavenly country leagues away.

"It might have been named a northern Naples; for if no violet sky hung heaven over with melancholy, its atmosphere rained warmth and freshness that no southern summers mingle. For the dim Vesuvius looming its furtive terrors, muttering to the ear of evening, X had her sheltering slopes behind her, which, browned by the August sun or greened by the moss of April, expanded alike protection; a shadow for the day-lit palaces, or a garden for the footsteps of the night-wind when the palaces where veiled in shadow. For red-hot threats by night, weird volcanic tremblings, lurid smiles,—X had her western fires, her sunsets by the sea. No music ever breathed the burden of that silent glory—it flooded the brain with rapture, was an everlasting ecstasy for the eye that, looking through the soul, feels beauty when it sees. Whether cloudless, or stormy, or serenely shaded, no poet ever wandered in such a wilderness of imagery, no painter ever revelled in such a paradise of colour. They might have lulled a lover's passion with their boundless, endless change,—changing never in this, that they were always sunsets by the sea.

"Contarini Fleming has told us that his first impression in his ideal—Venice—was that of its Abstraction. It was the first impression of X, for the person upon whom anything that is suggestive of an idea makes an impression. At least if—and only if—he entered it from either end. There, where the lofty mansions, the stately terraces, enroached upon the lonely land, the most strange abstraction reigned, the most dream-like suspension brooded. It seemed as if the inhabitants passed their lives in sleep. The square or two that faced the ocean gave no sign of any but the most subdued existence. The very breeze that stirred the feathery shrubs of their central lawns, blew hushed, as if listening for lightest footsteps upon the grass. No one ever walked upon those lawns—at least I have not seen a creature. If not sleep it was still life, and stiller perhaps than sleep.

"But X had another side. Pass downwards to the beach, where the sea ever brake, and you found new life among the living. The very babies, tumbling about the shingle, seemed giddy with the elixir of the air. The sea-weed, fresh wet with the latest wave, sparkled not as did their joyous eyes. And above the shingle, where the smooth level spread, planned daily by a million footsteps, you found all faces, thronging in bright commune, or alone; radiant with health or dim with the mists of sickness; wearing a keener bloom or a softer paleness, from the strange distilling strength of that awful ocean. Beyond the sauntering crowds—for crowds upon crowds pressed daily to the margin—lay the broad road bespoken with carriages or darkened with cavaliers: not one sight too many or too gay; for, turning from the ever lonely water world, it seemed a brilliant shadow of another world, more lonely.

"And X wore yet another face. Turning your back upon the sea and its voiceful shore, you entered the town itself; as picturesque, as rare, as the white gleam of the palaces and all they looked on—except the sea. Vast, with that pervading vastness which was its first characteristic, it showered upon the vision the lights so manifold of which we spoke; and its deep gorgeousness of colour, its predominant harmony of outline, might have challenged the Eastern cities to surpass it beneath the glow of morning. For when that glow had settled and spread itself over the spreading roofs, before the sun had sprung above the night mists, those mists so pale and pure themselves were curdled into the wildest hues—fair blue, bloom purple, and living gold; they clung and moulded themselves to the shapes of every building, they quivered against the steadfast azure, and from the end of every street you caught those sun-blossoms from shadow, that even while you gazed on them were gone.

"Not less beautiful was X at noonday. Then in a chiselled brightness its ruddy brickwork, its

ghost-grey stone, contrasted vividly with its green verandahs, its hotels studded with their blaze of windows. In the glare it seemed an indissoluble dream, though a dream as lucid as any waking; nor did this spell abate where the domes of a forsaken palace orbited softly into the brilliant sky. It was indeed the old-world air of X, in contrast with its fresh and glad refinement, that lent to it its peculiar and proudest charm. Some persons said it was London by the sea: such persons might have compared it at once with Jerusalem; which perhaps it was more like. Other persons declared it to be dull as it is dry, barren as treeless—they preferred the country, the sweet shady lanes and flowery gardens. It happened, however, that the latter complaints were, as a rule, the most stolid individuals one could meet in a summer day; though they were certainly not bright. It was a fact that no veritably romantic person ever found himself at a loss in X; and that X could boast among her own as many as romantic sprites as ever illustrated the poetry of humanity: they all clinging to her and holding by her with a tenacity of affection the prerogative of *Those* who have had the blessed fortune to inhale with their first breath, and to breathe with their blissful childhood, the mysterious fragrance of the Sea.

"X had an immense population. Despite that abstracted air it wore upon its bewildering entrance and termination, its palaces were inhabited and its homes no dream. Not to speak of the swarming summer tribes that made descents upon the interior, and the borders, and the breadth of it; nor to recall the fact that it was the inexhaustible panacea for the exhaustions of the London season; it may be noted that during all seasons it had a season of its own for its inhabitants: they could not bear to leave it, even for a single day.

"It is perhaps not fair to introduce Herz Sarona as a hero, where such varieties of the heroic genera were born, or bred, or brought; for, of all professions, callings, arts, or assumptions, Medicine took the lead in X. It was a most extraordinary coincidence, that in such a healthful region should be required such a sanitary survey; and perhaps it did not require it: but of the thousands who resorted thither in the trances of their lives, not a few sought more the medical skill and alleviation, its renown for which was a proverb, than the embraces of the sea itself, or the exhilaration of the air.

"There must verily have been a constant influx of patients to support and sustain so many doctors: who not only existed, but made a very good thing of existence indeed. There was not a single street of consequential houses, in one of which, or two, or three perhaps, you will not find a doctor—and he was very seldom at home, too; but in the squares and crescents they swarmed: they organized a separate body among them, and of no mean force. Whether gifted or fatigued, to do them justice, they perpetrated neither more blunders nor fewer cures than their fraternity in the great metropolis. They still had their foible as a fraternity—it was an extreme dislike to innovation, and an adoring faith in the old régime:—a twin foible of the former; which indeed may pass with it as one.

"It happened that when Herz Sarona entered X he came with credentials about him that were not every day presented; nor did his preconceived character tend to establish him on every-day terms. Nobody knew anything about him; except, that having an outlandish name, he had received an outlandish training, and was in every respect an outlandish person. Although his father, a surgeon too, was settled in England, while his name sounded in the ears of London, it was not known that he had ever met his son there; for no one had met him who had come to X from London, even lately, and there was an undergrowth in X of aspirants even more youthful than he. But stories were circulated of his having been educated in Germany; dark rumours of his friendship for *Reichenbach*; and his absolute acquaintances with *Hahnemann*, forming the appropriate pendants.

"Dr. Herz Sarona had been in X now scarcely five years; and it is sufficient here to observe that, having opened his day's work upon patronage was

ebbing lowest and any popularity a mere promise of hope, he was now scarcely able to stand against the full rush and flow of appreciation, almost adulation, that eddied round his path. It was impossible to say how: whether by his supreme intelligence, his almost dread discernment, or his inexhaustible remedial skill; or it might have been by his personality; for he was deeply tinctured with that peculiar power of Oriental character—drawing all to itself, yet itself withdrawn from all: he was cast in Oriental mould, and that mould was only thwarted by such tendencies as soften, while they do not alter, the Arabian-Hebrew type. More Arabian than Hebrew, he was at the same time English in social habit, if most unlike English society at large. Courted by the rich and lofty, he was faithful to the poor and lowly; amongst whom he had earned his first, his only cherished fame. No longer considered an interloper, he still held aloof from those who would have pressed him into their friendship; he yet formally fraternized and contrived to avoid sympathy without exciting antipathy. The strictest honour, and a purity too rare on earth, perhaps achieved his seclusion among his kind, not exclusion from them.

"Not to tax memory with the names of too many, we may amuse ourselves by observing that the engraved plate upon the door of Dr. Sarona was not unique: such ornaments blazoned their interesting inscriptions forth from one door in three. Here resided, or rather slept, for all day he wrought his rounds, the oldest practitioner in X, one Thornley, a pupil of Abernethy; also the Almond aforesaid, whom Sarona mentioned to his sister as entertaining patients in his house. It was, whether meant or not, a satire to say so; because Almond was never known to do anything except entertain them: and that not always. There were Blattman a homœopathist, and Jephson a hydropathist, next door to each other; and nearest Sarona one side, a certain unpretending Artus, whose surgical alliance was the only one ever sought by the same. We must also mention a gentleman on the other side of Sarona, who was a disciple of the magnetic foundation, and who spent his whole leisure, which was a very fair allowance, in making passes at Sarona through the wall: ever unsuccessful; whether because Sarona was wholly innocent of them, or because he was not a 'sensitive,' we are not enabled to set down."

Musical subjects form a prominent feature of the novel, as was the case in 'Charles Auchester.' Fantastical and transcendental are some of the musical speculations, but the notices of the art and its professors will be read with interest:—

"It is one of the greatest mistakes made to presume that the musical live their spiritual life by the music they procure in public; for of such rare development is music under those circumstances, that they would starve, were it not theirs to interpret its spiritual meaning in the seclusion which no critic haunts to mar the Ideal by the Traditional. Except in an orchestra, the Empyrean of the artist, and in which he could not constantly exist without exhaustion of the passion and of the intellect through mortal weakness, there is little honour and less worship in the celebrations of the Divinity of Art. The worshipper at concerts finds too often all that is spiritual, all that is gracious, all that is immortal in him, for the season crushed and smothered by a more sensuous administration to his needs. Nor is the enthusiast greatly better off in his fare at the opera: except for once about a hundred years between; for there, except when genius rises to distinguish precedent, is music itself made subservient to a lower art. And to the musical device must music be supreme, or he languishes as without a God in Heaven; therefore it is that the pianoforte as an interpreter is so beloved, and prized by the musical of the highest class. It is their own in solitude, and distils the most essence of the orchestra, while it has its own compelling spell beyond all orchestras for the hands and head of its peculiar priesthood.

"Miss Dudleigh perhaps performed so easily,

because in playing, even more than in singing, she forgot herself: a state which to her was paradise. The pianoforte at Rockledge was a new one, procured expressly for Rose, and which its mistress as yet had scarcely tried. Even Sarona's instrument became a shadow beside its sound; though very few persons would have known how to make it tell. It was, though new, so mellow, that its cantabile was indeed a song; the touch was profound and heavy; the tone was fathomless. Even Cecilia, who to her hand owed more than she was aware, could not develop all its power: it would have been impossible, however, for any woman to have mastered it more fairly.

"Rose, who entreated her earnestly to play, scarcely knew the favour she was conferring; for, proud as Miss Dudleigh thought herself, she could not have kept away from the keyboard, unless Bernard had been in the room. For hours she played into the sunset; the dreamy time between the lights; the early dark: for she learned by heart, and could not otherwise have played to her own satisfaction. She knew what Rose would like, and chose accordingly: first, Sonatas of Beethoven—the *Appassionata* and *Pathetic*, which none dare again baptize; then song after song of the world-known yet world-unknown 'Songs without Words'; and, after a chorale or two, which bred dim yearnings after the august saint of the organ age, the ineffable *Fantasia* of Mendelssohn. Just at the crisis of the prelude, Bernard entered, behind the piano, and stood listening at the door. * * *

"Do you mean to say that you never heard the *Walpurgis Night*? Why, I thought you would not go, only because you had heard it so many times."

"I certainly thought you had heard it, Cecilia. You discoursed of it as if you were at home in the music from beginning to end. Not that it would have been a reason not to hear it, even unto the hundredth time."

"No, I never did."

"Then why wouldn't you go, Miss Dudleigh?"

"Because I was foolish, ridiculous, absurd: pray do not mention it."

"Oh, then you'll go next time, when Rose gets strong, and we go: won't you?"

"If you are so kind as to ask me, I will not put back such a happiness."

"That's right. You know, when I was a young fellow Weber was all the rage: I used to hear *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*, and *Preceia*, when I was a boy; and *Der Freischütz*. I never could sit out the first act of *Der Freischütz*: it made me shiver all down my back. I think I like Weber best."

"Oh no, you must not say so."

"Rose was so angry with me for saying so the other day: why, how strange! But you know I can't help it if I do."

"But you only like it best because you knew it best, perhaps."

"I think it's very likely. Don't you like Weber, and play it?"

"Oh, I love him: he is very high up. I think it shows you would like Mendelssohn beyond all, if you knew him, that you like Weber at present best."

"Why? are they so like?"

"Oh, most unlike; except so far as that they both created by re-creating the orchestra. You know Weber's is such wonderful orchestration that no one approaches him except Mendelssohn: who surpasses all."

"Does not orchestration mean putting the instruments together properly? contrasting them, I suppose?"

"Making counterparts of them."

"Oh, counterparts!—counterparts! why, I was reading about them last night in Sarona's book. Human counterparts, and musical counterparts: how many more?"

We do not think that Bernard deserves the very invariable character given to him, but it is cruel at last to kill him off by children, in order that his charming counterpart, his

wife, may fall to the lot of the perfect Doctor Saron. There are many characters in the book well described, and there is a reality about some of the scenes, giving promise of better things when the author becomes less transcendental and speculative. Great improvement would also be effected by condensation, some of the scenes and conversations being tiresomely drawn out, and trivial circumstances needlessly dwelt upon. In style and matter the novel is certainly superior to 'Charles Auchester.'

Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel has the merit of containing some scenes and characters out of the commonplace ordinary routine of works of fiction. This is the case with the two principal persons in the story, Mr. Valentine Blyth, the painter, and Madonna, a deaf and dumb girl. The latter character, the author says, is the only attempt that has yet been made in English fiction to represent a deaf mute simply and exactly after nature; or, in other words, to exhibit the peculiar effects produced by the loss of the senses of hearing and speaking on the disposition of the person so affected. In Valentine Blyth, the author has drawn a character very different from the conventional artist of the novel and the stage, Mr. Collins "having ventured on the startling novelty in fiction of trying to make an artist interesting, without representing him as friendless, consumptive, and penniless—to say nothing of the more daring innovation of attempting to extract some amusement from his character, and yet not exhibiting him as a speaker of bad English, a reckless contractor of debts, and an utterly irreclaimable sot." The other characters of the tale are of a more ordinary kind, some of which seem like reproductions of personages familiar to readers of fiction, though little to be recognised as having been met with in real life. Such are Mr. Thorpe, and Mr. Jubber, the proprietor of the travelling equestrian circus from which Madonna was rescued, and Mrs. Peckover the clown's wife, and the good parson Dr. Joyce, and others who figure prominently in the story. But even in the less original characters new and pleasing traits are brought out, and some of the incidents, such as the reclamation and return of Zack, are introduced with much effect. Two extracts we give, characteristic of Mr. Collins's style, and introducing the two chief persons of his story, Valentine and Madonna:—

"To the looker-on at the system of life prevailing among the moderate incomes in England, the sort of existence which, with certain pleasant exceptions, that system embodies, seems in some aspects to be without a parallel in any other part of the civilized world. In what other country but ours is social enjoyment among the middle classes with small means, deliberately denuded of all genuine substance of its own, for the sake of making it the faint reflection of social enjoyment among the higher classes with large means? Is this done anywhere else but in England! And is it not obviously true—melancholy truth!—that, while the upper classes and the lower classes of our society have each their own characteristic and genuine recreations for leisure hours, adapted equally to their means and to their tastes, the middle classes, in general, have (to expose the sad reality) nothing of the sort."

"Life in the new suburbs afforded proofs in plenty of this; as life does, indeed, everywhere else in England for the most part. To take an example from those eating and drinking recreations which absorb so large a portion of existence—If the rich proprietors of the 'mansions' in the 'park' could give their grand dinners and be as

pague, and their rare gastronomic delicacies; the poor tenants of the brick boxes could just as easily enjoy their tea-garden conversation, and be just as happily and hospitably prodigal, in turn, with their porter-pot, their tea-pot, their plates of bread-and-butter, and their dishes of shrimps. On either side, these representatives of two pecuniary extremes in society, looked for what recreations they wanted with their own eyes, pursued those recreations within their own limits, and enjoyed themselves unreservedly in consequence. Not so with the moderate incomes: they, in their social moments, shrank absurdly far from the poor people's porter and shrimps; crawled contemptibly near to the rich people's rare wines and luxurious dishes; exposed their poverty in imitation by chemical champagne from second-rate wine merchants, by flabby salads and fetid oyster-patties from second-rate pastry-cooks; were, in no one of their festive arrangements, true to their incomes, to their order, or to themselves; and, therefore, never thoroughly enjoyed any hospitalities of their own affording—never really had any 'pleasure,' whatever their notes of invitation might say to the contrary, in receiving their friends."

"Now, on the outskirts of that part of the new suburb appropriated to the middle classes with moderate incomes, there lived a gentleman (by name, Mr. Valentine Blyth, and by profession a painter), whose life offered, in more respects than one, a very strange and striking contrast to the lives of most of his neighbours—rotten with social false pretences, as they generally were, to the very core. On first taking up his abode in the new neighbourhood, Mr. Blyth quite unconsciously directed on himself all the surplus attention which older settlers in the colony had to spare for local novelties, by building a large and quaintly-designed painting-room at the side of his house, and so destroying the general uniformity of appearance in the very uniform row of buildings amid which he had chosen his dwelling-place. From that moment, people began, as the phrase went, to talk about him. Some of the idler inhabitants made inquiries among the tradespeople, and curiously watched the painter and his household at available opportunities, both at home and abroad. The general opinion which soon proceeded from these inquiries and watchings was, that Mr. Blyth must be a very eccentric person; that he did all sorts of things which it was 'not usual to do'; and that he presumed to enjoy himself in his own way, without the slightest reference to the manners and customs of the rich aristocracy planted in the neighbouring seclusion of the 'park' gates."

"Having arrived at these conclusions, and having thereupon unanimously decided that Mr. Blyth was anything rather than a gentlemanly person, the neighbours would probably have thought little more about the new-come, but for one peculiar circumstance connected with him, which really made a deeper impression on all inquisitive minds than every one of his eccentricities put together."

"It was more than suspected that some impenetrable mystery lurked hidden in the privacy of the painter's fireside."

"That Mr. Blyth was a married man, had been pretty clearly ascertained. That his wife was identical with a certain invalid lady, who had been carried into the new house wrapped up in many shawls, and had never afterwards appeared either at door or window, was a presumption very truly established. So far, though there might be no absolute certainty, there was also no positive doubt that could fairly connect itself with the painter's household."

"But the invalid was not the only female member of Mr. Blyth's domestic circle. There was also a young lady, who lived in his house, and who constantly accompanied him in his daily walks. She was reported to be a most ravishingly beautiful creature—and yet no one could ever be met with who had seen her face plainly. For the simple reason that she invariably and provokingly wore her veil down; whenever she went abroad. It grew to be quite generally accepted and believed that

Mr. Blyth had never told anybody who she really was; and Calumnious Gossip, starting with this rumour, soon got wonderfully and mischievously busy with her character, especially among servants and tradespeople. It was surmised in some directions, that she was the artist's natural child—in others, that she stood towards him in the relation of a resident female model, or perhaps of something more scandalously improper still. And it was further whispered about everywhere, that let her be who she might, she was most indubitably the victim of a very terrible misfortune. People shook their heads, and sighed, and murmured, 'Poor thing!' or assumed airs of inquisitive commiseration, and said, 'Sad case, isn't it?' whenever they spoke of her in the general society of the suburb."

The mysterious young lady here referred to had been taken by Valentine from a travelling circus, where she had as a child performed equestrian feats, till a terrible accident deprived her of speech and hearing, and she was then turned to account in card-tricks and other exhibitions. From a position of much degradation and ill usage Valentine rescued her, with the aid of Mrs. Peckover, a good-hearted woman, to whose charge the child had been committed by its dying mother, who had in distress been kindly relieved by some of the people of the equestrian company. We give the beginning of Mrs. Peckover's long story, as she told it to Dr. and Mrs. Joyce and Valentine in the Rectory, whither at the artist's request the child was hastily brought:—

"'It's better than ten years ago, sir,' began the clown's wife, speaking first to Doctor Joyce, 'since my little Tommy was born; he being now, if you please, at school and costing nothing, through a presentation, as they call it, I think, which was given us by a kind patron to my husband. Some time after I had got well over my confinement, I was out one afternoon taking a walk with the baby and Jimmy; which last is my husband, ma'am. We were at Bangbury then, just putting up the circus; it was a fine large neighbourhood, and we hoped to do good business there. Jimmy and me and the baby went into the fields, and enjoyed ourselves very much; it being such nice warm spring weather. I remember, though it was March at the time. We came back to Bangbury by the road; and just as we got near the town, we see a young woman sitting on the bank, and holding her baby in her arms, just as I had got my baby in mine."

"'How dreadful ill and weak she do look, don't she?' says Jimmy. Before I could say as much as 'Yes,' she starts up at us, and asks in a wild voice, though it wasn't very loud either, if we can tell her the way to Bangbury workhouse. Having pretty sharp eyes of our own, we both of us knew that a workhouse was no fit place for her. Her gown was very dusty, and one of her boots was burst, and her hair was dragged all over her face, and her eyes was sunk in her head, like; but we saw somehow that she was a lady—or, if she wasn't exactly a lady, that no workhouse was proper for her, at any rate. I stooped down to speak to her; but her baby was crying so dreadful she could hardly hear me. 'Is the poor thing ill?' says I. 'Starving,' says she, in such a desperate, fierce way, that it gave me quite a turn. 'Is it your child?' says I, a bit frightened about how she'd answer me, but wanting so much to find out that I risked it. 'Yes,' she says in quite a new voice, very soft and sorrowful, and looking her face away from me over the child. 'Then why don't you smother it?' says I. She looks up at me, and then at Jimmy, and shakes her head, and says nothing. I gave my baby to Jimmy to hold, and went and sat down by her. He wailed away a little, and I whispers to her again, 'Why don't you smother it?' and she whispers to me, 'My milk's all dried up. I couldn't wait to hear no more till I was got out into my own street."

but at the same time overwhelmed, with the kind attentions and flatteries, which, as a woman of letters, I received; and again queried whether I ought to be there; but I knew I had a duty to fulfil, a sort of commission to execute, and I resolved not to leave the house till I had done it.

"Accordingly, when it was past midnight, I watched the General to a seat, and begged an audience of him, putting into his hand a little paper, containing an extract from a letter, (from a dear friend of mine, a member of our society,) wishing Lafayette to request the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade, and also an expression in writing, of my valued friend Powell Buxton's wishes, that he would lend all his powerful aid to this great cause.

"He took my paper and assured me he had already talked with the minister *de la marine* on the subject, and that they were going to declare the trade piracy, as we had done in England, and as the Americans had done also. Alas! how little is this! and we know how the law is evaded! I took my leave, saying, that while liberty was in so many places the order of the day, and would probably be all over Europe, I did hope that the cause of Africa would at length triumph also—but when?

"I feel, and own, that France has yet much work to do at home, and interests nearer and dearer to attend to; but I, for one, shall be sadly disappointed if she does not ultimately take up this long-neglected cause, and set a great example to other nations.

"Amongst the crowd I saw, for a moment, Benjamin Constant, and saw, with pain, that his truly valuable health has suffered since last year, but his noble mind seems as vigorous as ever! how just are his views, and how eloquent his expressions of them!

"Among those also present were the Baron de Humboldt, General Carbonnel, David the sculptor, Le Brun the dramatic poet, &c. &c.

"Having executed my commission to the General, and also given him the purse I had felt such pleasure in netting for him, I withdrew; his son attending me to my coach."

And again, at a soirée of the great French General, whither Mrs. Opie was attracted by spangled uniforms and plumes, without even the excuse of a commission in the cause of Africa:—

"We could scarcely enter the second room, it was so full! and the military caps and plumes in the midst of it were like a forest! Count de L. came up to us, 'Observe the Prince de Salons,' said he, 'in a splendid scarlet and silver uniform: he is come to pay his court to the General; he wants to be king of Belgium!' I *did* see him, a lively-looking, short young man, dazzling in silver embroidery. How different the costume of a Polish Palatine, who soon after entered! dignified in his carriage, but looking like a priest, rather than a soldier; his tunic was black; the tops of the sleeves were full; round his waist was a girdle of gold-lace, full four inches deep; and I think his gold-handled sword and dagger were fastened with something of gold fringe. His hair, of a reddish brown, was cut square on the forehead, and hung squared also below the nape of his neck; he was young and remarkable-looking, and the tone of his voice deep, rich, and sweet. I should have liked to have talked to him, and tell him I knew Kosciuszko; I saw my dress excited his curiosity as much as his did mine. The evening was interesting. I talked with Americans who were named to me, and with Frenchmen, who neither knew me, nor I them; but we were jumbled together in the crowd, and politics and the great days are themes which naturally occur. I saw also with interest the Prince of Moscha, the eldest son of Marshal Ney. We did not get home till twelve."

Another notability of Mrs. Opie's acquaintance was Madame de Genlis:—

"(2nd day, 22nd.) Had engaged to go to David's atelier, and to Antommarchi's to see the mask of Napoleon, when C. Moreau called early to say he had intended to take me to call on

Madame de Genlis, who had promised, if it was fine, to dine with him, but as it rained, he feared she would not come; however, we could call on her. I told him I was engaged till four, but would then call at his house, to go or not, as he pleased. Went to D.'s and was delighted with all I saw. Goethe, General Foy, and a brilliant, &c. &c. Went to A.'s *au quatrième*—very high and fatiguing; but remembered the reward of my toil—the cast, and the fine view from his windows, the cast was there, the view gone, walled up! poor man! I would not, *could* not stay there; the cast more than ever recalled to me Napoleon when First Consul! There was also there a fine print from the picture of Napoleon on his death-bed. Antommarchi so like! I then drove to Moreau's; the weather was become fine, and we went to La Comtesse de Genlis'; she received me kindly, and I, throwing myself on my feelings, and remembering how much I owed her in the days of my childhood, became enthusiastically drawn towards her very soon. She is a really pretty old woman of eighty-seven, very unaffected, with nothing of smartness, or affected state or style about her. We passed through her bed-room (in which hung a crucifix) to her *salon*, where she sat, much muffled up, over her wood fire; she had dined at three o'clock, not expecting to be able to go out; but as the weather was fine, she soon consented to accompany us, but she, laughing, said, she must now go without '*sa belle robe*.' We said in *any* gown she would be welcome; she then put on a very pretty white silk bonnet and a clean frill, and we set off. I set them down at C. Moreau's, and came home to dress, but long before the dinner-hour I was at C. M.'s again, and took my post at the side of Madame de Genlis. A party of distinguished men came to dinner. The table was spread with a mixture of excellent English as well as French dishes; roast beef, boiled turkey, plum puddings, and *mince pies*! the latter the very best of the sort! Madame M. is an Englishwoman. As usual, St. Simon and his preaching and doctrines were discussed, and, at my end of the table, laughed at. Madame de G. did not talk much at dinner, but by her attention to what passed, and an occasional remark, it was evident nothing was lost upon her. After C. Moreau had given her health, with a most appropriate and flattering speech, wishing her to live many, many years, Julien l'Encyclopédiste gave the health of the King.

"I thought Madame de G. conducted herself on this occasion with much simple dignity; yet it was a proud moment for her. She murmured something (and looked at me) about wishing the health of Madame Opie to be drunk; but no one heard her but myself, and I was really glad. When we rose from table, most of the gentlemen accompanied us. The room now filled with French, English, and Americans; many were presented to the venerable Countess, next to whom I sat, and then to me; she seemed to enjoy a scene to which for some time she had been a stranger. I found, while I was conversing on some interesting subjects, she had been observing me. Afterwards she said, '*Je vous aime!*' she then added, with an archness of countenance and vivacity of manner, the remnant of her best days, '*je vous sème*,' (imitating the bad pronunciation of some foreigner.) At half-past ten I saw C. Moreau lead Madame de G. out, and I followed them, and paid her every attention in my power, for which she was grateful; when I had wrapt her up, and put on her bonnet for her, my servant got a coach, and C. M., another gentleman, and myself, conducted her home."

Shortly after this Madame de Genlis was found dead in her bed:—

"(New Year's day.) Had many cards, and sent many also. Some callers; several Americans; I gave some my autograph, and lines to Lafayette."

"* * * What a longing, though I fear vain, desire do I feel to do good to those over whom I have any influence. J. J. G.'s 'Letter' was my New Year's gift both to men and women.

"(1st day, 2nd.) Went to Meeting, afterward to see poor Madame de Genlis in her coffin! Happily arrived too late! was introduced to some dear friends of the deceased, who for her sake received me *à bras ouverts*, because she loved me! I promised to go to her interment."

"(3rd day, 4th.) Went to meet the mourners assembled for poor Madame de Genlis' funeral; General Gérard was presented to me. At night went to Lafayette's as usual, and was introduced to many persons."

"(5th day, 13th.) Went to see the diorama of the three days; got there just as Lafayette left it!—In the evening to Mark Wilks's; a delightful evening! met the Duchess de Broglie."

"(28th.) Had a brilliant party of distinguished persons. I was rich in characters; Baron Cuvier, Gérard and his wife, Firman Rogier, the Belgo deputy; General Pépé, the famous Neapolitan chief, who brought with him Count de Almeida, a Portuguese minister to Donna Maria; Cooper, Koseff, the witty physician of Talleyrand; H. Chuter, a man of letters, Colonel de Kay, a young and gallant *chef d'escadre*, who distinguished himself for his skill and bravery in Buenos Ayres. There were persons of ten nations present. It was a choice party and pleasant evening; I hope I was not improperly elated, and was certainly thankful for this, amongst other favours."

We must now make room for a letter, written about this time, descriptive of a visit to the Court:—

"Hôtel de la Paix, 3rd mo. 7th, 1831.

"* * * At least I will begin a letter to thee, my dear friend, to-day, *reste à savoir* whether I shall be able to finish it. I am amused (yet that is not the word) at seeing the formidable appearance which the little disturbances here make in the papers. I, living in the Rue and Hôtel de la Paix, know nothing of them, therefore they are certainly local and nothing of consequence. We are most anxiously expecting the news from Poland. One of my most agreeable associates here, Count de Platen, left Paris, as he said, for London; but he is fighting at Warsaw! having been obliged to enter Poland in disguise. I am glad now I was not at home when he called to take leave. * * * But to a less painful theme.—I had the pleasure of spending the evening of last first day week, seated *en famille* by the side of Marie Amélie, *Reine des Français*—in other words, I have been to court; and, as the phrase is, most graciously received. La Marquise de D., *dame d'honneur de la Reine*, came to my morning reception the day before, and told me the Queen desired to see me the next evening. I said I went nowhere on first day, but this should be an exception to a general rule. She replied, that if I had a scruple, she would ask the Queen for another day; I told her I had no scruple, for I felt sure there would be less company than usual. 'No one scarcely but the family.' This was just what I hoped and wished, and we parted."

"I wanted to go at half-past eight, but my man was so sure they could not be risen from dinner, that he persuaded me not to set off till twenty minutes before nine, by which delay I failed to see the King, who, tired out with business, was gone to bed before I arrived. I was alone, and I really thought the long suite of rooms would have no end. At last I was shown into a long room, at the end of which I saw some ladies sitting round a table; as I entered, an English lady, coming out, caught my hand, and said, 'I must speak to you.' I returned the pressure, saying, 'I remember thee'; and then saw La Marquise de D. coming to meet me. '*Je viens à votre secours*,' said she, and we approached the table, on which the Queen, and la Princesse d'Orléans, rose, and said, '*Bon jour*, Madame Opie,' the Queen adding, 'Sit down by me, I am glad to see you, I have read your works,'—and so forth. My friend, the marquise, sat on the other side; round the table sat two of the princesses, and some *dames d'honneur*, and the Dukes of Orleans and Nemours were standing near it. I cannot tell thee all the conversation that

ensued, nor all the interesting questions which I had to answer; but I found the Queen a very pious-minded woman, and thou wilt think so, when I tell thee one of her most favourite works, and one she has given to her daughters, is the life of Mary Fletcher, the Methodist, lately translated into French. The Queen, at length, resumed her work, (making a sort of silk *charpie* or lint, to stuff *chaufre peds* with.) 'As it is Sunday (said she) I cannot do any other work; but I do not like to sit idle, and when one works, it is pleasant to know one is working for the poor—this is for a lottery for the poor.' I asked the Marquise the name of the lady I had met going out. 'Walker.' 'Then I was right,' I cried. 'Oui, Madame Opie,' said the Queen. 'I knew her well.' 'And she was one of my most intimate friends,' said Mademoiselle d'Orleans. 'And she was very good to me,' said I, instantly recollecting (what I did not choose to mention), namely, that being in the habit of singing Italian duos formerly, with that very lady, and going one night by invitation to a musical party at her house, when I entered, she came up to me, saying, 'Oh! my dear, I am so sorry: I invited you this evening, in order to present you to the Count d'Artois, (Charles Dix,) I wanted him to hear you sing, but he is ill, and can't come!' I do not know how many years afterwards, and after a long separation, I met my singing friend, her daughter, in the palace of Louis Philippe * * *

—I am thine, with love to distribute,

"A. OPIE."

In 1835, Mrs. Opie made an excursion to the Rhine, and in her journal, and in letters to Mr. Brightwell, she gives a vigorous and glowing description of its scenery, too long, however, for extract. Her pen was ever busy. "If writing were ever an effort to me," writes Mrs. Opie, in the eightieth year of her age, "I should not now be alive, but must have been *absolument epuisee*; and it might have been inserted in the bills of mortality—"Dead of letter-writing, A. Opie." My maid and I were calculating the other day how many letters I wrote in the year, and it is not less than six in a day, besides notes." And her spirits were not less buoyant even down to the eventful year 1851, when she visited the Great Exhibition, and proposed a race in wheel-chairs with her old acquaintance Miss Berry. In November of the following year Amelia Opie died. She had, up to a late period of her life, been a constant attendant in the Norwich Courts, and many were the jokes which her frequent attendance elicited. On one occasion, when seventy-five years of age, while talking with her cousin Baron Alderson and the High Sheriff, she was importuned to go home with them, "Come, brother Opie," said the Judge, as he "tucked me under his arm, and into the carriage I jumped, ashamed, but pleased. Little did I think I should ever ride behind four horses harnessed, and two outriders with trumpets, &c. So much for the escapade of a Judge and High Sheriff." And only two years previous to this, she writes from London, "Every night this week I shall have dined out, and in parties of a most agreeable description;" so that the whole life of this interesting woman, from early youth to advanced age, was one long period of lively companionship and enjoyment.

We have said little of the biographer, for in truth there is little to remark, except that Miss Brightwell has selected her materials with judgment, and does not assume much in her comments. Where she has ventured to generalise upon small things, it has not been without tripping. Mrs. Opie once having a little dog given to her, records in her journal that it was no matter of regret to her "that the poor brute shortly died;" and Miss

Brightwell observes thereupon, "By this remark one is reminded of the fact that she never evinced any disposition to fondle animals. No favourite dog, cat, or bird, was permitted to domicile with her." But, only two pages further on, Mrs. Opie, writing to her husband, says, "The cat and parrot are both well, and the kitten beautiful and merry;" and the biographer, singling out the kitten by a portentous asterisk, remarks—"This creature became a pet. Mrs. Opie taught it some pretty tricks. Mrs. O. often talked to it." Miss Brightwell has, however, performed her task promptly, and in many parts very agreeably. It remains for some future essayist, acquainted with the times in which Mrs. Opie lived, and with the personal history of the many celebrities with whom she associated, to weave these interesting memorials into that kind of living fabric of which Mr. Lockhart has given us such a delightful model in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott.'

Counterparts; or, the Cross of Love. By the Author of 'Charles Auchester.' Smith, Elder, and Co.

Hide and Seek. By W. Wilkie Collins. Bentley.

Magdalen Hepburn. A Story of the Scottish Reformation. By the Author of 'Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland,' 'Adam Graeme,' &c. London: Hurst and Blackett.

In the new novel by the author of 'Charles Auchester,' inscribed to Mrs. Disraeli as the former was to Mr. Disraeli, the writer upholds the theory of the superiority of the Hebrew race, this time in the person of a physician and his sister in the town of X, which represents Brighton. The scope of the book is to show that people of different temperaments are more adapted to love, than those of similar magnetic or biological states, and there are several blunders made by 'counterparts' marrying each other instead of their opposites. The motto on the title page from Coleridge explains the rationale of this, where it is said, "Two forms that differ in order to correspond: this is the true sense of the word counterpart." A theory convenient when applied to explain matrimonial and other agreements or discrepancies, but liable to abuse, and tending to materialism, as leaving out of view the counteracting influences of mental discipline, not to speak of divine grace, upon natural dispositions and tempers. However, there is much truth in the theory, and the author has given some apt and striking illustrations of its working and effects. Of the story we cannot offer any outline, but merely present some detached extracts. Here is part of a description of Brighton and of its doctors:—

"X was a city on a coast, queen of the Northern Sea, and watcher of the waves. No city ever shone in lights so manifold, ever raised itself into an air so pure, or basked in such brooding sunshine. Prose cannot do it justice, and we are forbidden verse. Even poetry might mock her powers in striving to impart the peculiar and definite character of that ocean-court. A shore of clustered palaces, it encroached not upon the tenure of the deep: a deep which, of all depths the deepest for the heart that sought it there, brake eternally along its stony desert; that from the palace windows was as a dream, and rolled its crushed music through their chambers as a voice of sleep. A peculiar symmetry—whether accidental or intended—prevailed from end to end; for far and far its gleaming architecture

stretched, and melting into a mistlike light where the dazzling cliffs rose visionary, seemed lost in a heavenly country leagues away.

"It might have been named a northern Naples; for if no violet sky hung heaven over with melancholy, its atmosphere rained warmth and freshness that no southern summers mingle. For the dim Vesuvius looming its furtive terrors, muttering to the ear of evening, X had her sheltering slopes behind her, which, browned by the August sun or greened by the moss of April, expanded alike protection; a shadow for the day-lit palaces, or a garden for the footsteps of the night-wind when the palaces were veiled in shadow. For red-hot threats by night, weird volcanic tremblings, lurid smiles,—X had her western fires, her sunsets by the sea. No music ever breathed the burden of that silent glory—it flooded the brain with rapture, was an everlasting ecstasy for the eye that, looking through the soul, feels beauty when it sees. Whether cloudless, or stormy, or serenely shaded, no poet ever wandered in such a wilderness of imagery, no painter ever revelled in such a paradise of colour. They might have lulled a lover's passion with their boundless, endless change,—changing never in this, that they were always sunsets by the sea.

"Contarini Fleming has told us that his first impression in his ideal—Venice—was that of its Abstraction. It was the first impression of X, for the person upon whom anything that is suggestive of an idea makes an impression. At least if—and only if—he entered it from either end. There, where the lofty mansions, the stately terraces, encroached upon the lonely land, the most strange abstraction reigned, the most dream-like suspension brooded. It seemed as if the inhabitants passed their lives in sleep. The square or two that faced the ocean gave no sign of any but the most subdued existence. The very breeze that stirred the feathery shrubs of their central lawns, blew hushed, as if listening for lightest footsteps upon the grass. No one ever walked upon those lawns—at least I have not seen a creature. If not sleep it was still life, and stiller perhaps than sleep.

"But X had another side. Pass downwards to the beach, where the sea ever brake, and you found new life among the living. The very babies, tumbling about the shingle, seemed giddy with the elixir of the air. The sea-weed, fresh wet with the latest wave, sparkled not as did their joyous eyes. And above the shingle, where the smooth level spread, planed daily by a million footsteps, you found all faces, thronging in bright commune, or alone; radiant with health or dim with the mists of sickness; wearing a keener bloom or a softer paleness, from the strange distilling strength of that awful ocean. Beyond the sauntering crowds—for crowds upon crowds pressed daily to the margin—lay the broad road besprent with carriages or darkened with cavaliers: not one sight too many or too gay; for, turning from the ever lonely water world, it seemed a brilliant shadow of another world, more lonely.

"And X wore yet another face. Turning your back upon the sea and its voiceful shore, you entered the town itself; as picturesque, as rare, as the white gleam of the palaces and all they looked on—except the sea. Vast, with that pervading vastness which was its first characteristic, it showered upon the vision the lights so manifold of which we spoke: and its deep gorgeousness of colour, its predominant harmony of outline, might have challenged the Eastern cities to surpass it beneath the glow of morning. For when that glow had settled and spread itself over the spreading roofs, before the sun had sprung above the night mists, those mists so pale and pure themselves were curled into the wildest hues—fair blue, bloom purple, and living gold: they clung and moulded themselves to the shapes of every building, they quivered against the steadfast azure, and from the end of every street you caught those sun-blossoms from shadow, that even while you gazed on them were gone.

"Not less beautiful was X at noonday. Then in a chiselled brightness its ruddy brickwork, its

ghost-grey stone, contrasted vividly with its green verandahs, its hotels studded with their blaze of windows. In the glare it seemed an indissoluble dream, though a dream as lucid as any waking; nor did this spell abate where the domes of a forsaken palace orbled softly into the brilliant sky. It was indeed the old-world air of X, in contrast with its fresh and glad refinement, that lent to it its peculiar and proudest charm. Some persons said it was London by the sea: such persons might have compared it at once with Jerusalem; which perhaps it was more like. Other persons declared it to be dull as it is dry, barren as treeless—they preferred the country, the sweet shady lanes and flowery gardens. It happened, however, that the latter complainants were, as a rule, the most stolid individuals one could meet in a summer day; though they were certainly not bright. It was a fact that no veritably romantic person ever found himself at a loss in X; and that X could boast among her own as many as romantic sprites as ever illustrated the poetry of humanity: they all clinging to her and holding by her with a tenacity of affection the prerogative of *Those* who have had the blessed fortune to inhale with their first breath, and to breathe with their blissful childhood, the mysterious fragrance of the Sea.

"X had an immense population. Despite that abstracted air it wore upon its bewildering entrance and termination, its palaces were inhabited and its homes no dream. Not to speak of the swarming summer tribes that made descents upon the interior, and the borders, and the breadth of it; nor to recall the fact that it was the inexhaustible panacea for the exhaustions of the London season; it may be noted that during all seasons it had a season of its own for its inhabitants: they could not bear to leave it, even for a single day.

"It is perhaps not fair to introduce Herz Sarona as a hero, where such varieties of the heroic genera were born, or bred, or brought; for, of all professions, callings, arts, or assumptions, Medicine took the lead in X. It was a most extraordinary coincidence, that in such a healthful region should be required such a sanatory survey; and perhaps it did not require it: but of the thousands who resorted thither in the trances of their lives, not a few sought more the medical skill and alleviation, its renown for which was a proverb, than the embraces of the sea itself, or the exhilaration of the air.

"There must verily have been a constant influx of patients to support and sustain so many doctors: who not only existed, but made a very good thing of existence indeed. There was not a single street of consequential houses, in one of which, or two, or three perhaps, you will not find a doctor—and he was very seldom at home, too; but in the squares and crescents they swarmed: they organized a separate body among them, and of no mean force. Whether gifted or fatuitous, to do them justice, they perpetrated neither more blunders nor fewer cures than their fraternity in the great metropolis. They still had their foible as a fraternity—it was an extreme dislike to innovation, and an adoring faith in the old régime:—a twin foible of the former; which indeed may pass with it as one.

"It happened that when Herz Sarona entered X he came with credentials about him that were not every day presented; nor did his preconceived character tend to establish him on every-day terms. Nobody knew anything about him; except, that having an outlandish name, he had received an outlandish training, and was in every respect an outlandish person. Although his father, a surgeon too, was settled in England, while his name sounded in the ears of London, it was not known that he had ever sent his son there: for no one had met him who had come to X from London, even lately, and there was an undergrowth in X of aspirants even more youthful than he. But stories were circulated of his having been educated in Germany; dark rumours of his friendship for Reichenbach, and his absolute acquaintance with Hahnemann, forming the appropriate pendants.

"Dr. Herz Sarona had been in X now scarcely five years; and it is sufficient here to observe that, having opened his day's work when patronage was

ebbing lowest and any popularity a mere promise of hope, he was now scarcely able to stand against the full rush and flow of appreciation, almost adulation, that eddied round his path. It was impossible to say how: whether by his supreme intelligence, his almost dread discernment, or his inexhaustible remedial skill; or it might have been by his personality; for he was deeply tinctured with that peculiar power of Oriental character—drawing all to itself, yet itself withdrawn from all: he was cast in Oriental mould, and that mould was only thwarted by such tendencies as soften, while they do not alter, the Arabian-Hebrew type. More Arabian than Hebrew, he was at the same time English in social habit, if most unlike English society at large. Courtied by the rich and lofty, he was faithful to the poor and lowly; amongst whom he had earned his first, his only cherished fame. No longer considered an interloper, he still held aloof from those who would have pressed him into their friendship; he yet formally fraternized and contrived to avoid sympathy without exciting antipathy. The strictest honour, and a purity too rare on earth, perhaps achieved his seclusion among his kind, not exclusion from them.

"Not to tax memory with the names of too many, we may amuse ourselves by observing that the engraved plate upon the door of Dr. Sarona was not unique: such ornaments blazoned their interesting inscriptions forth from one door in three. Here resided, or rather slept, for all day he wrought his rounds, the oldest practitioner in X, one Thornley, a pupil of Abernethy; also the Almond aforesaid, whom Sarona mentioned to his sister as entertaining patients in his house. It was, whether meant or not, a satire to say so; because Almond was never known to do anything except entertain them: and that not always. There were Blattman a homœopathist, and Jephson a hydropathist, next door to each other; and nearest Sarona one side, a certain unpretending Artus, whose surgical alliance was the only one ever sought by the same. We must also mention a gentleman on the other side of Sarona, who was a disciple of the magnetic foundation, and who spent his whole leisure, which was a very fair allowance, in making passes at Sarona through the wall: ever unsuccessful; whether because Sarona was wholly innocent of them, or because he was not a 'sensitive,' we are not enabled to set down."

Musical subjects form a prominent feature of the novel, as was the case in 'Charles Auchester.' Fantastical and transcendental are some of the musical speculations, but the notices of the art and its professors will be read with interest:—

"It is one of the greatest mistakes made to presume that the musical live their spiritual life by the music they procure in public; for of such rare development is music under those circumstances, that they would starve, were it not theirs to interpret its spiritual meaning in the seclusion which no critic haunts to mar the Ideal by the Traditional. Except in an orchestra, the Empyrean of the artist, and in which he could not constantly exist without exhaustion of the passion and of the intellect through mortal weakness, there is little honour and less worship in the celebrations of the Divinity of Art. The worshipper at concerts finds too often all that is spiritual, all that is gracious, all that is immortal in him, for the season crushed and smothered by a mere sensuous administration to his needs. Nor is the enthusiast greatly better off in his fare at the opera: except for once about a hundred years between; for there, except when genius rises to extinguish precedent, is music itself made subservient to a lesser art. And to the musical devotee must music be supreme, or he languishes as without a God in Heaven; therefore it is that the pianoforte as an interpreter is so beloved, and prized by the musical of the highest class. It is their own in solitude, and distils the inmost essence of the orchestra, while it has its own surpassing spell beyond all orchestras for the hands and head of its peculiar priesthood.

"Miss Dudleigh perhaps performed so easily,

because in playing, even more than in singing, she forgot herself: a state which to her was paradise. The pianoforte at Rockledge was a new one, procured expressly for Rose, and which its mistress as yet had scarcely tried. Even Sarona's instrument became a shadow beside its sound; though very few persons would have known how to make it tell. It was, though new, so mellow, that its capabilities were indeed a song; the touch was profound and heavy; the tone was fathomless. Even Cecilia, who to her hand owed more than she was aware, could not develop all its power: it would have been impossible, however, for any woman to have mastered it more fairly.

"Rose, who entreated her earnestly to play, scarcely knew the favour she was conferring; for, proud as Miss Dudleigh thought herself, she could not have kept away from the keyboard, unless Bernard had been in the room. For hours she played into the sunset; the dreamy time between the lights; the early dark: for she learned by heart, and could not otherwise have played to her own satisfaction. She knew what Rose would like, and chose accordingly: first, Sonatas of Beethoven—the *Appassionata* and *Pathetic*, which none dare again baptize; then song after song of the well-known yet world-unknown 'Songs without Words'; and, after a chorale or two, which bred dim yearnings after the august saint of the organ age, the ineffable *Fantasia* of Mendelssohn. Just at the crisis of the presto, Bernard entered, behind the piano, and stood listening at the door. * * *

"Do you mean to say that you never heard the *Walpurgis Night*? Why, I thought you would not go, only because you had heard it so many times."

"I certainly thought you had heard it, Cecilia. You discoursed of it as if you were at home in the music from beginning to end. Not that it would have been a reason not to hear it, even unto the hundredth time."

"No, I never did."

"Then why wouldn't you go, Miss Dudleigh?"

"Because I was foolish, ridiculous, absurd: pray do not mention it."

"Oh, then you'll go next time, when Rose gets strong, and we go: won't you?"

"If you are so kind as to ask me, I will not put back such a happiness."

"That's right. You know, when I was a young fellow Weber was all the rage: I used to hear *Oberon*, and *Euryanthe*, and *Preciosa*, when I was a boy; and *Der Freischütz*. I never could sit out the first act of *Der Freischütz*: it made me shiver all down my back. I think I like Weber best."

"Oh no, you must not say so."

"Rose was so angry with me for saying so the other day: why, how strange! But you know I can't help it if I do."

"But you only like it best because you know it best, perhaps."

"I think it's very likely. Don't you like Weber, and play it?"

"Oh, I love him: he is very high up. I think it shows you would like Mendelssohn beyond all, if you knew him, that you like Weber at present best."

"Why? are they so like?"

"Oh, most unlike; except so far as that they both created by re-creating the orchestra. You know Weber's is such wonderful orchestration that no one approaches him except Mendelssohn: who surpasses all."

"Does not orchestration mean putting the instruments together properly? contrasting them, I suppose?"

"Making counterparts of them."

"Oh, counterparts!—counterparts! why, I was reading about them last night in Sarona's book. Human counterparts, and musical counterparts: how many more?"

We do not think that Bernard deserves the very lovable character given to him, but it is cruel at last to kill him off by cholera, in order that his charming counterpart, his

wife, in Sarona well de of the when t and spe also be scenes drawn lessy novel i ter."

Mr. contain the co of fict princip Blyth, dumb says, made mute other produ and s so aff has d conv Mr. move inter frien nott atten his a s tra sot a r like reat nis Su pr fro Po ne ot br a in v a a

Mr. move inter frien nott atten his a s tra sot a r like reat nis Su pr fro Po ne ot br a in v a a

wife, may fall to the lot of the perfect Doctor Saron. There are many characters in the book well described, and there is a reality about some of the scenes, giving promise of better things when the author becomes less transcendental and speculative. Great improvement would also be effected by condensation, some of the scenes and conversations being tiresomely drawn out, and trivial circumstances needlessly dwelt upon. In style and matter the novel is certainly superior to 'Charles Auchester.'

Mr. Wilkie Collins's novel has the merit of containing some scenes and characters out of the commonplace ordinary routine of works of fiction. This is the case with the two principal persons in the story, Mr. Valentine Blyth, the painter, and Madonna, a deaf and dumb girl. The latter character, the author says, is the only attempt that has yet been made in English fiction to represent a deaf mute simply and exactly after nature; or, in other words, to exhibit the peculiar effects produced by the loss of the senses of hearing and speaking on the disposition of the person so affected. In Valentine Blyth, the author has drawn a character very different from the conventional artist of the novel and the stage, Mr. Collins "having ventured on the startling novelty in fiction of trying to make an artist interesting, without representing him as friendless, consumptive, and penniless—to say nothing of the more daring innovation of attempting to extract some amusement from his character, and yet not exhibiting him as a speaker of bad English, a reckless contractor of debts, and an utterly irreclaimable sot." The other characters of the tale are of a more ordinary kind, some of which seem like reproductions of personages familiar to readers of fiction, though little to be recognised as having been met with in real life. Such are Mr. Thorpe, and Mr. Jubber, the proprietor of the travelling equestrian circus from which Madonna was rescued, and Mrs. Peckover the clown's wife, and the good parson Dr. Joyce, and others who figure prominently in the story. But even in the less original characters new and pleasing traits are brought out, and some of the incidents, such as the reclamation and return of Zack, are introduced with much effect. Two extracts we give, characteristic of Mr. Collins's style, and introducing the two chief persons of his story, Valentine and Madonna:—

"To the looker-on at the system of life prevailing among the moderate incomes in England, the sort of existence which, with certain pleasant exceptions, that system embodies, seems in some aspects to be without a parallel in any other part of the civilized world. In what other country but ours is social enjoyment among the middle classes with small means, deliberately denuded of all genuine substance of its own, for the sake of making it the faint reflection of social enjoyment among the higher classes with large means? Is this done anywhere else but in England? And is it not obviously true—melancholy truth!—that, while the upper classes and the lower classes of our society have each their own characteristic and genuine recreations for leisure hours, adapted equally to their means and to their tastes, the middle classes, in general, have (to expose the sad reality) nothing of the sort?

"Life in the new suburb afforded proofs in plenty of this; as life does, indeed, everywhere else in England for the most part. To take an example from those eating and drinking recreations which absorb so large a portion of existence:—If the rich proprietors of the 'mansions' in the 'park' could give their grand dinners and be as prodigal as they pleased with their first-rate cham-

pagne, and their rare gastronomic delicacies; the poor tenants of the brick boxes could just as easily enjoy their tea-garden conversation, and be just as happily and hospitably prodigal, in turn, with their porter-pot, their tea-pot, their plates of bread-and-butter, and their dishes of shrimps. On either side, these representatives of two pecuniary extremes in society, looked for what recreations they wanted with their own eyes, pursued those recreations within their own limits, and enjoyed themselves unreservedly in consequence. Not so with the moderate incomes: they, in their social moments, shrank absurdly far from the poor people's porter and shrimps; crawled contemptibly near to the rich people's rare wines and luxurious dishes; exposed their poverty in imitation by chemical champagne from second-rate wine merchants, by flabby salads and fetid oyster-patties from second-rate pastry-cooks; were, in no one of their festive arrangements, true to their incomes, to their order, or to themselves; and, therefore, never thoroughly enjoyed any hospitalities of their own affording—never really had any 'pleasure,' whatever their notes of invitation might say to the contrary, in receiving their friends.

"Now, on the outskirts of that part of the new suburb appropriated to the middle classes with moderate incomes, there lived a gentleman (by name, Mr. Valentine Blyth, and by profession a painter), whose life offered, in more respects than one, a very strange and striking contrast to the lives of most of his neighbours—rotten with social false pretences, as they generally were, to the very core. On first taking up his abode in the new neighbourhood, Mr. Blyth quite unconsciously directed on himself all the surplus attention which older settlers in the colony had to spare for local novelties, by building a large and quaintly-designed painting-room at the side of his house, and so destroying the general uniformity of appearance in the very uniform row of buildings amid which he had chosen his dwelling-place. From that moment, people began, as the phrase went, to talk about him. Some of the idler inhabitants made inquiries among the tradespeople, and curiously watched the painter and his household at available opportunities, both at home and abroad. The general opinion which soon proceeded from these inquiries and watchings was, that Mr. Blyth must be a very eccentric person; that he did all sorts of things which it was 'not usual to do,' and that he presumed to enjoy himself in his own way, without the slightest reference to the manners and customs of the rich aristocracy planted in the neighbouring seclusion of the 'park' gates.

"Having arrived at these conclusions, and having thereupon unanimously decided that Mr. Blyth was anything rather than a gentlemanly person, the neighbours would probably have thought little more about the new-come, but for one peculiar circumstance connected with him, which really made a deeper impression on all inquisitive minds than every one of his eccentricities put together.

"It was more than suspected that some impenetrable mystery lurked hidden in the privacy of the painter's fireside.

"That Mr. Blyth was a married man, had been pretty clearly ascertained. That his wife was identical with a certain invalid lady, who had been carried into the new house wrapped up in many shawls, and had never afterwards appeared either at door or window, was a presumption very firmly established. So far, though there might be no absolute certainty, there was also no positive doubt that could fairly connect itself with the painter's household.

"But the invalid was not the only female member of Mr. Blyth's domestic circle. There was also a young lady, who lived in his house, and who constantly accompanied him in his daily walks. She was reported to be a most ravishingly beautiful creature—and yet no one could ever be met with who had seen her face plainly; for the simple reason that she invariably and provokingly wore her veil down whenever she went abroad. It grew to be generally asserted and believed that

Mr. Blyth had never told anybody who she really was; and Calumnious Gossip, starting with this rumour, soon got wonderfully and mischievously busy with her character, especially among servants and tradespeople. It was surmised in some directions, that she was the artist's natural child—in others, that she stood towards him in the relation of a resident female model, or perhaps of something more scandalously improper still. And it was further whispered about everywhere, that let her be who she might, she was most indubitably the victim of a very terrible misfortune. People shook their heads, and sighed, and murmured, 'Poor thing!' or assumed airs of inquisitive commiseration, and said, 'Sad case, isn't it?' whenever they spoke of her in the general society of the suburb."

The mysterious young lady here referred to had been taken by Valentine from a travelling circus, where she had as a child performed equestrian feats, till a terrible accident deprived her of speech and hearing, and she was then turned to account in card-tricks and other exhibitions. From a position of much degradation and ill usage Valentine rescued her, with the aid of Mrs. Peckover, a good-hearted woman, to whose charge the child had been committed by its dying mother, who had in distress been kindly relieved by some of the people of the equestrian company. We give the beginning of Mrs. Peckover's long story, as she told it to Dr. and Mrs. Joyce and Valentine in the Rectory, whither at the artist's request the child was hastily brought:—

"'It's better than ten years ago, sir,' began the clown's wife, speaking first to Doctor Joyce, 'since my little Tommy was born; he being now, if you please, at school and costing nothing, through a presentation, as they call it, I think, which was given us by a kind patron to my husband. Some time after I had got well over my confinement, I was out one afternoon taking a walk with the baby and Jemmy; which last is my husband, ma'am. We were at Bangbury then, just putting up the circus: it was a fine large neighbourhood, and we hoped to do good business there. Jemmy and me and the baby went into the fields, and enjoyed ourselves very much; it being such nice warm spring weather, I remember, though it was March at the time. We came back to Bangbury by the road; and just as we got near the town, we see a young woman sitting on the bank, and holding her baby in her arms, just as I had got my baby in mine.

"'How dreadful ill and weak she do look, don't she?' says Jemmy. Before I could say as much as 'Yes,' she stares up at us, and asks in a wild voice, though it wasn't very loud either, if we can tell her the way to Bangbury workhouse. Having pretty sharp eyes of our own, we both of us knew that a workhouse was no fit place for her. Her gown was very dusty, and one of her boots was burst, and her hair was dragged all over her face, and her eyes was sunk in her head, like; but we saw somehow that she was a lady—or, if she wasn't exactly a lady, that no workhouse was proper for her, at any rate. I stooped down to speak to her; but her baby was crying so dreadful she could hardly hear me. 'Is the poor thing ill?' says I. 'Starving,' says she, in such a desperate, fierce way, that it gave me quite a turn. 'Is it your child?' says I, a bit frightened about how she'd answer me, but wanting so much to find out that I risked it. 'Yes,' she says in quite a new voice, very soft and sorrowful, and bending her face away from me over the child. 'Then why don't you suckle it?' says I. She looks up at me, and then at Jemmy, and shakes her head, and says nothing. I give my baby to Jemmy to hold, and went and sit down by her. He walked away a little; and I whispers to her again, 'Why don't you suckle it?' and she whispers to me, 'My milk's all dried up.' I couldn't wait to hear no more till I'd got her baby at my own breast.

"That was the first time I suckled little Mary, ma'am. She wasn't a month old then, and, oh, so weak and small! such a mite of a baby compared to mine!

"You may be sure, sir, that I asked the young woman lots of questions, while I was sitting side by side with her. She stared at me with a dazed look in her face, seemingly quite stupefied by weariness or grief, or both together. Sometimes she gave me an answer and sometimes she wouldn't. She was very secret. She wouldn't say where she came from, or who her friends were, or what her name was. She said she should never have name or home or friends again. I just quietly stole a look down at her left hand, and saw that there was no wedding-ring on her finger, and guessed what she meant. 'Does the father know you're wandering about in this way?' says I. She flushes up directly; 'No!' says she, 'he doesn't know where I am. He never had any love for me, and he has no pity for me now. God's curse on him wherever he goes!'—'Oh hush! hush!' says I, 'don't talk like that!' 'Why do you ask me questions?' says she, more fiercely than ever. 'What business have you to ask me questions that make me mad?' 'I've only got one more to bother you with,' says I, quite cool; 'and that is, haven't you got any money at all with you?' You see, ma'am, now I'd got her child at my own bosom, I didn't care for what she said, or fear for what she might do to me. The poor mite of a baby was sure to be a peacemaker between us, sooner or later.

"It turned out she'd got sixpence and a few halfpence—not a farthing more, and too proud to ask help from any one of her friends. I managed to worm out of her that she had run away from home before her confinement, and had gone to some strange place to be confined, where they'd ill-treated and robbed her. She hadn't long got away from the wretches who'd done it. By the time I'd found out all this, her baby was quite quiet, and ready to go to sleep. I gave it her back. She said nothing; but took and kissed my hand, her lips feeling like burning coals on my flesh. 'You're kindly welcome,' says I, a little flustered at such a queer way of thanking me. 'Just wait a bit, while I speak to my husband.' Though she'd been and done wrong, I couldn't for the life of me help pitying her, for all her fierce ways. She was so young, and so forlorn and ill, and had such a beautiful face (little Mary's is the image of it, specially about the eyes), and seemed so like a lady, that it was almost a sin, as I thought, to send her to such a place as a workhouse.

"Well: I went and told Jemmy all I had got out of her—my own baby kicking and crowing in my arms again, as happy as a king, all the time I was speaking. 'It seems shocking,' says I, 'to let such as her go into a workhouse. What had we better do?'—Says Jemmy, 'Let's take her with us to the circus, and ask Peggy Burke.'

In the sequel of the story the mystery of the lost child is of course cleared up, and the different persons are properly disposed of. Mr. Collins is very unequal in his writing, some scenes being almost in the best style of Dickens, of whom he is an admirer, while too frequently there occur long passages of trivial and unpleasant matter which had far better have been omitted. But faults of literary taste and dramatic tact can be remedied by care and experience, where other higher qualifications for a writer of fiction are displayed in so marked a degree, as by the author of 'Antonina' and 'Basil.'

If our notice of 'Magdalen Hepburn' is briefer, it is not because this new novel, by the author of 'Margaret Maitland,' is less worthy of perusal than the two in the company of which we have placed it. Here we have the same pleasing pictures of domestic life and feelings as in the author's former work, while the time and scenes of the tale belong to a history in which all Protestants,

and Scottish readers most of all, ever take deep interest. The great characters and incidents introduced have the effect, indeed, of throwing into the shade the quieter personages of the tale, and in closing the book the memory chiefly rests on the scenes where John Knox and his associates in the public work of Reformation prominently appear. But, in 'Magdalen Hepburn,' with the faithful Isobel, well-marked and finely-expressed characters are delineated, while the author enters thoroughly into the historical spirit of the times in which the heroine lived. We can give only one extract relating to the household of John Knox at Edinburgh, in the early days of the Scottish Reformation:—

"These were notable times in the life of this household; without a pause or interval, and to great and influential congregations the Reformer preached, morning and evening of every day. Nobles and gentlemen, burgesses and city magnates, flocked to the lodging, where 'this trumpet,' as he said, was blown with such a stirring sound. Authority said nothing against these assemblages, for authority was very busy with its own short-sighted scheme, begging a crown matrimonial for a boyish head which never lived to bear it, save in name; and had not time to attend or hear the rising pulse of this great heart of Scotland, how it quickened into conscious life. Earls and Barons came indifferent, and went home eager to establish this same novel truth in the special district which was home to each. These might be rude missionaries, in some cases, but in other some, they were the highest of heart and noblest of spirit in all Scotland; and the growing party dared almost count itself by shires and districts, when the heads of so many noble houses gave in their adhesion—for the readiness of the peasant classes was well and universal known.

"The great parlour is lighted in the house of the worthy burgess, and the gilding shines upon the leathern hangings, and the hum of the busy street without comes in through the window, which is open to admit the cool night air of June. By the table, his dark face glowing full in the light of the lamp, John Knox sits holding a roll of paper in his restless hand; a slight smile plays about his mouth, changing in its character as he listens, from momentary contempt to the brightness of invention and new received thought—and his hand unrolls the paper, and twists it up again with unconscious assiduity. Near him, the courtly Lethington has laid his light rapier across his knee, half-hidden in the folds of his cloak, and holds in his hand the bonnet whose ruby clasp flashes in the light; while his smile never varies from the light scorn which is habitual to his lip. Glencairn, who speaks, stands in his handsome unpretending manly strength, with honest displeasure and offence clouding his brow, and tells his tale with little pomp of words. Mrs. Bowes, at a little table apart, bends over a great Bible with strange and deep abstraction—for she has fallen on one of those dark mysterious sayings which move her soul to its depths. Marjorie with modest attention, and now and then an upward glance of interest, bends over some needlework by the table; and Magdalen, with a face which reflects the indignant and offended face of Glencairn, more than any present, has her eye fixed on him as he speaks.

"I gave it to her hand—I, a peer of Scotland, whose blood has been shed for this country, before she touched its soil. I commended it to her Grace, in as good words as I could master, though I be nothing learned in speech, and she took it from me—I say no lie of her—with courtesy enow. Such a matter cost you many a thought and certain pains in writing, I question not, most reverend friend. It were well you had ingine when next you write unto the great, to do the task as swift, as she did the reading of the same. That proud prelate, his Grace forsooth by pride of Papistrie—the Archbishop of the West, stood by. This lady in my face, gave it over into his hand.

'Please you, my lord, to read a pasquil.' Think you, gentlemen, how I held my patience, to be flouted thus!

"My lord, your patience is little to be murmured of," said Lethington with his usual sarcasm. 'I see not that it cumburs your fair speech even now. Sooth, this is no hour, being late at e'en, for a wanton birdie to carry the matter, but they who speak of princes should speak low.'

"Speak low!" said Glencairn, angrily; 'I will speak so loud Scotland shall list to me anon. What—a grave matter of counsel advised by noble peers, and indited by a soothfast man of God—and this light lady maketh no more of it than a jest at Yule!

"Said her Grace even so?" said Knox; 'though I be slow of ingine, my lord, I have yet certain additions come upon my mind even now—and what her Highness takes no heed of, another may. I will have God's faithful people judge between her and me, and you shall leave the quarrel in my hands.'

In the closing scenes of the tale, Magdalen's love and constancy are rewarded by a safe and happy union with the gallant and good Paul Hepburn, after passing through many anxieties and dangers. Those who only know the character of John Knox from the caricatures which political and theological bitterness have drawn of him, will be agreeably surprised by the bright and genial scenes of his domestic life exhibited in this novel. It might have been well to have given, in a historical note, some references to the biographical records, and other documents and works, the spirit of which the author has in her book truthfully expressed.

General Report on the Administration of the Punjab for the years 1849-50 and 1850-51. Printed for the Court of Directors of the East India Company by J. and H. Cox.

It is very rarely that official papers, in the form of parliamentary blue books, are of sufficient interest to be recommended for general perusal. But there has lately appeared, on the administration of the Punjab, a Report full of valuable descriptive and statistical information, and containing a record of events unexampled in the history of conquered countries. Great as have been the achievements of the British armies in India, all their triumphs in the field display less true glory than the successful administration of which this Report is the statement. To those who knew the terrible state of the country under the rule of the successors of Runjeet Singh, the account of its present condition after only two years of British rule will scarcely be credible. The details given in the official documents will remove any lingering scepticism, and the testimony of all who have lately travelled in the Punjab confirms the public statements presented by the Government. The Court of Directors, in acknowledging the receipt of the Report from the Governor-General of India, thus refer to the general results of "this wise and eminently successful administration."

"In the short period which has elapsed since the Punjab became a part of the British dominions, results have been achieved such as could scarcely have been hoped for, as the reward of many years of well-directed exertions. The formidable army which it had required so many battles to subdue, has been quietly disbanded, and the turbulent soldiery have settled to industrious pursuits. Peace and security reign throughout the country, and the amount of crime is as small as in our best-administered territories. Justice has been made accessible, without costly formalities, to the whole population. Industry and commerce have been set free. Money rents have been substituted for pay-

ments in kind, and a settlement of the land revenue has been completed in nearly the whole country, at a considerable reduction on the former amount. In the settlement the best lights of recent experience have been turned to the utmost account, and the various errors committed in a more imperfect state of our knowledge of India have been carefully avoided. Cultivation has already largely increased. Notwithstanding the great sacrifices of revenue there was a surplus, after defraying the civil and the local military expenses, of 52 lacs in the first, and 64½ lacs in the second year after annexation. During the next ten years the construction of the Baree Doab canal and its branches, and of the great net-work of roads already in rapid progress, will absorb the greater part of the surplus; but even during the interval, according to the Board's estimate, a balance will be left of more than double the amount of the cost of two corps, at which the Governor-General computes the augmentation of the general military expenses in India, due to the acquisition of the Punjab. After the important works in question are completed the Board of Administration, apparently on sound data, calculates on a permanent surplus of fifty lacs per annum, applicable to general purposes."

The military force by which the Government is supported amounts only to 11,000 men, who guard a frontier of 500 miles, and an internal armed police of 14,000 men, by whom the peace of the country is maintained from the borders of Scinde to the Himalayas, and from the Sutlej to the Indus, though a disbanded army of 50,000 Sikhs have been thrown loose on the territory. Not a single riot has disturbed the peace of any part of the country, and Dacoitee, Thuggee, and other systems of violence formerly prevalent, have been effectually suppressed. The arrangements for the civil administration, in its fiscal, financial, judicial, and other departments, seem admirable. Numerous roads, canals, and other public works are commenced, by which the commercial resources of the country will be developed. Schools also are being provided for the education of the people, and in no part of the East have Christian missionaries met within so short a period such encouraging success. The Court of Directors, in their remarks on the Report, may well say that—

"Results like these reflect the highest honour on the administration of your lordship (the Governor-General) in Council, and on the system of Indian Government generally. It is a source of just pride to us that our services, civil and military, should have afforded men capable, in so short a time, of carrying into full effect such a series of enlightened and beneficent measures. The executive functionaries in the subordinate ranks have proved themselves worthy of the honourable career which awaits them. The members of the Board of Administration, Sir Henry Lawrence, Mr. John Lawrence, Mr. Mansell, and Mr. Montgomery, have entitled themselves to be placed in the foremost rank of Indian administration."

It is scarcely fair in the Court of Directors to appropriate the credit due to this special administration as belonging to "the system of Indian government generally." Had such results been formerly shown in any other district of India, there would have been no complaints of the misrule and mismanagement which have marked so darkly the history of our Indian possessions. But as this is the latest instance of the Company's administration, let us hope that it is the commencement of a new era of government, the benefits of which may be extended to other portions of the vast Indian territory, none of which seem to be ruled with the wisdom and energy displayed in this new and, at first sight, unpromising district.

Memoirs of Celebrated Characters. By
Alphonse de Lamartine. Bentley.

[Second Notice.]

WE turned with some curiosity to the biography of Oliver Cromwell, especially after what has been written of him by another illustrious French statesman, M. Guizot. M. Lamartine acknowledges that in his sketch of Cromwell he is indebted to the industry and genius of Thomas Carlyle, of whose literary labours this honourable account is given, reference being first made to the false pictures of the Protector usually found in history:—

"History is like the sybil, and only reveals her secrets to time, leaf by leaf. Hitherto she has not exhibited the real nature and composition of this human enigma. He has been thought a profound politician; he was only an eminent sectarian. Far-sighted historians of deep research, such as Hume, Lingard, Bossuet, and Voltaire, have all been mistaken in Cromwell. The fault was not theirs, but belonged to the epoch at which they wrote. Authentic documents had not then seen the light, and the portrait of Cromwell had only been painted by his enemies. His memory and his body have been treated with similar infamy; by the restoration of Charles the Second, by the royalists of both branches, by Catholics and Protestants, by Whigs and Tories, equally interested in degrading the image of the republican Protector. But error lasts only for a time, while truth endures for ages. Its turn was coming, hastened by an accident.

"One of those inquiring minds, who are to history what excavators are to monuments, Thomas Carlyle, a Scotch writer, endowed with the combined qualities of exalted enthusiasm and enduring patience, dissatisfied also with the conventional and superficial portrait hitherto depicted of Cromwell, resolved to search out and restore his true lineaments. The evident contradictions of the historians of his own and other countries, who had invariably exhibited him as a fantastic tyrant and a melodramatic hypocrite, induced Mr. Carlyle to think with justice, that beneath these discordant components there might be found another Cromwell, a being of nature, not of the imagination.

"Guided by that instinct of truth and logic in which is comprised the genius of erudite discovery, Mr. Carlyle, himself a sectarian, and resolved to follow up his own ideas, undertook to search out and examine all the correspondence buried in the depths of public or private archives, and in which at the different dates of his domestic, military, and political life, Cromwell, without thinking that he should thus paint himself, has in fact done so for the study of posterity.

"Supplied with these treasures of truth and revelation, Mr. Carlyle shut himself up for some years in the solitude of the country, that nothing might distract his thoughts from his work. Then having collected, classed, studied, commented on, and rearranged these voluminous letters of his hero, and having resuscitated, as if from the tomb, the spirit of the man and the age, he committed to Europe this hitherto unpublished correspondence, saying with more reason than Jean Jacques Rousseau, 'Receive, and read; behold the true Cromwell!' It is from these new and incontestable documents that we now propose to write the life of this dictator."

The general estimate of Cromwell's character is somewhat more consistent than that which Guizot has presented in his recent work; but there are circumstances in the English history of that time, which, as we explained in reviewing M. Guizot's book, no foreigner can fully enter into and understand. Some contradictions and perplexities we are therefore prepared to find in Lamartine's memoir, but, on the whole, are pleased to find him writing thus:—

"The royalists conquered, the king beheaded, the levellers suppressed, Ireland slaughtered, Scot-

land reduced to subjection, the nobility cajoled, the parliament tamed, religious factions deadened or extinguished by liberty of conscience, the maritime war against Holland teeming with naval triumphs, the resignation of his command by Fairfax through disgust and repentance, the subservency of Monk, left by Cromwell in Edinburgh to keep the Scotch in order,—the voluntary, servile, and crouching submission of the other military leaders, eager to rally round success;—all these coinciding events, all these crimes, all these acts of cringing baseness, all these accumulated successes, which never fail to attend the steps of the favourites of fortune, during her smiles, left nothing for Cromwell to desire, if the undisputed possession of England had been his only object. But all who study his character with impartiality will perceive that he had yet another—the possession of Heaven. His future salvation occupied his thoughts beyond earthly empire. He was never more a theologian than when he was an uncontrolled dictator. Instead of announcing his sovereignty under a special title, he allowed his friends to proclaim the republic. He was content to hold the sword and dictate the word. His decrees were oracles; he sought only to be the great inspired prophet of his country. His correspondence at this epoch attests the humble thoughts of a father of a Christian family, who neither desires nor foresees a throne as the inheritance of his children.

"'Mount your father's little farmhouse, and ride not in luxurious carriages,' he writes to his daughter-in-law, Dorothy. He married his eldest son, Richard, to the daughter of one of his friends, of middle station and limited fortune, and on his espousals gave him more debts than property. To this friend, the father-in-law of his son, he writes thus:—'I entrust Richard to you; I pray you give him sage counsel; I fear lest he should suffer himself to be led away by the vain pleasures of the world. Induce him to study; study is good, particularly when directed to things eternal, which are more profitable than the idle enjoyments of this life. Such thoughts will fit him for the public service to which men are destined.'

"'Be not discouraged,' he says to Lord Wharton, another of his own sect; 'you are offended, because at the elections the people often choose their representatives perversely, rejecting profitable members and returning unfruitful ones. It has been so for nine years, and behold, nevertheless, what God has done with these evil instruments in that time! Judge not the manner of his proceedings!'

"'With you, in consequence of these murmurings of the spirit,' continues Cromwell, 'there is trouble, pain, embarrassment and doubt; with me, confidence, certainty, light, satisfaction! Yes, complete internal satisfaction! Oh! weakness of human hearts!' concluded he, hastily, as his thoughts flowed; 'false promises of the world! short-coming ideas which flatter mortal vanity! How much better is it to be the follower of the Lord, in the heaviest work! In this holy duty, how difficult do we find it to rise above the weakness of our nature to the elevation of the service which God requires from us! How soon we sink under discouragement when the flesh prevails over the spirit!'

"The pomp and enthusiasm which greeted him on his return from the double conquest of Ireland and Scotland dazzled not his constancy. 'You see that crowd, you hear those shouts,' he whispered in the ear of a friend who attended him in the procession; 'both would be still greater if I were on my way to the gallows.' A light from above impressed on his clear judgment the emptiness of worldly popularity.

"His private letters to his son Richard are full of that piety and domestic affection which we should never expect in a man whose feet were bathed in the blood of his King, of Ireland, of Scotland, and of England; but whose heart was calm in the serenity of a false conscience, while his head was encreased by a glory of mysticism which he persuaded himself was sincere."

Lamartine is mistaken when he says that

the name of Cromwell is not honoured in his own country :—

"He has left a lofty but an unpopular memory. His glory belongs to England, but England inclines to suppress it. Her historians, her orators, her patriots, seldom refer to his name, and evince no desire to have it paraded before them. They blush to be so deeply indebted to such a man. British patriotism, which cannot historically ignore the reality of his services, profits by the basis of national power which Cromwell has established in Europe, but at the same time denies his personal claims; it acknowledges the work, but repudiates the workman."

So far from this, we believe that nine out of every ten Englishmen will read with a glow, not only of patriotic pride but of respectful admiration, the author's account of Cromwell. The application of the following remarks to French history and politics will not be unnoticed :—

"The English nation, proud of having so long banished kings without being lowered in the eyes of Europe, and without internal divisions, only recalled their monarchs upon the understanding that those prerogatives and dignities of the people were secured, which made England a true representative republic with a royal and hereditary protector, the crowning glory of this free government. The idea was borrowed from Cromwell himself, as we have seen in his conference with his friends. He ruled as a patriot who only thought of the greatness and power of his country, and not as a king who would have been reduced to temporise with different parties or courts for the interests of his kingdom. He had, moreover, through the supreme power of the republic, the strength to accomplish that which was beyond the power of kings. Republics bring an increase of vigour to the nation. This increase multiplies the energy of the government by the collected energy of the people. They do not even find that impossible which has palsied the resolution of twenty monarchies. Anonymous and irresponsible, they accomplish by the hands of all, revolutions, changes, and enterprises such as no single royalty could ever venture to dream of."

"It was thus that Cromwell had conquered a king, subjugated an aristocracy, put an end to religious war, crushed the levellers, repressed the parliament, established liberty of conscience, disciplined the army, formed the navy, triumphed by sea over Holland, Spain, and the Genoese, conquered Jamaica and those colonies since become empires in the New World; obtained possession of Dunkirk, counterbalanced the power of France, and obliged the ministers of the youthful Louis XIV. to make concessions and alliances with him; and finally, by his lieutenants or in person, annexed Ireland and Scotland to England so irrevocably, that he accomplished the union of the British empire by this federation of three discordant kingdoms, whose struggles, alliances, skirmishes, and quarrels, contained the germ of eternal weakness, and threatened destruction to the whole fabric. The revolution lent him its aid to put down despotism on the one hand, and factions on the other, and to accomplish a complete nationality."

"All this was accomplished in ten years, under the name of a Dictator; but in reality by the power of the republic, which, to effect these great works, had become concentrated, incarnated, and disciplined in his single person. This might have occurred in France in 1790, if the French revolution had selected a dictator for life from one of the great revolutionists animated by fanaticism, such as Mirabeau, La Fayette, or Danton, instead of confiding to a soldier the task of forming a new empire upon the old foundations."

We have left little space to notice other of the biographies of which these interesting and instructive volumes are composed. But let us not omit one passage, which we have marked, in the life of Homer, replete with the poetic fervour and bright fancy of the author's youthful days :—

"The Greek Archipelago, with its gulfs and straits and tortuous channels winding along its indented coasts, now sweeping round a bluff headland, now gliding past a fertile shore, seems meant to keep apart the two continents, almost meeting where Byzantium sits hesitating between them. Sails, numerous as the sea birds, pass incessantly from isle to isle, from Africa to Asia, from Asia to Europe, like swarms from the same hive which mix in spring time on a bank of flowers."

"The climate of this mountainous and maritime country is as varied as its shape, and as mild as its latitude would indicate. From the eternal snows of Thessaly, to the perpetual summer of the Lydian valleys, and the airy freshness of the isles, all the extremes and means of temperature meet or mingle amongst its mountains, plains, and estuaries. The sky is clear as that of Egypt, the earth fruitful as Syria, the sea occasionally calm, frequently stormy as in the tropics. The aspect and views of nature are, within a limited distance, and near enough for contrast, vast, confined, sublime, graceful, alpine, maritime, circumscribed, or unlimited as the imagination of man. All its features are imposing, picturesque, and dazzling. Sometimes as a hymn, at others as a poem, now an elegy, then a song, and again a voluptuous measure; such is the land which more than all others addresses itself to the senses. The echoing rocks of the Peloponnesus, the thunder-stricken capes of the Taurus, the winding gulfs of Eubœa, the broad channel of the Bosphorus, the gloomy bays of Asia, the blue and green islets scattered upon the waters like the buoys of a cable connecting shore with shore; Crete with its hundred cities; Rhodes, from whence the rose received its name, or which derived its appellation from the flower; Scyros, the queen of the Cyclades; Naxos; Hydra, the advanced guard of continental Greece; Cyprus, vast enough for two kingdoms; Chalcis, joined to Europe by a bridge across the Euripus; Tenedos, the key of the Dardanelles; Lemnos, Mytilene, and Lesbos, which repeats on a smaller scale the mountains and valleys, the gorges and gulfs of the continent of Asia, which it flanks; Chios, which presents as it were, on its opposite sides, a double terrace of flowers, turning its olive-trees to Europe and its oranges to Asia; Samos, with its deep havens and its peaks rivaling the heights of Mycale, round whose base it sweeps; and many a group of isles besides, each with its people, its manners, its arts, its temples, its gods, its fables, its history, its name in Grecian story,—but all of them already speaking the same tongue and singing the same verses,—such was Greece when poetry became incarnate in the person of Homer. She wanted a historian, a national poet, one who should sing her gods, her heroes, and her exploits, to give her unity of thought and fame for the present and the future."

The notion of Homer never having other than a mythical being Lamartine rejects as absurd, and as an infidelity to genius. From such scepticism he revolts, till he reaches the extreme of credulity, and receives as history all the vague traditions of antiquity as to the life of the old bard. But there is truth and beauty in this general account of his great work, and its influence on human civilization :—

"Such is the story of Homer—simple as nature, sorrowful as life. It consists of suffering and song; and such is usually the fate of poets. Strings that are not strained can yield but little sound. Poetry is a cry of pain. None can give utterance to its piercing tones, save he that is wounded to the heart. Job cried to the Lord from his dunghill and his anguish. In our days, as in the olden time, men gifted with this power must choose between their genius and their happiness, between life and immortality."

"And now; is poetry worth this sacrifice? What influence had Homer upon civilization, and how did he contribute to its extension?"

"To answer this inquiry, it is sufficient to read. "Suppose, in the infancy or youth of the world, that a half savage man, endowed only with

the elementary, gross, and ferocious instincts, which are the foundation of our animal nature, before society, religion, and art have moulded, softened, spiritualized, and sanctified the human heart,—suppose that to such a man, alone in the depths of the forests, and engrossed by sensual appetites, a heavenly spirit were to teach the art of reading characters traced upon papyrus, and then to disappear, leaving with him only the works of Homer. The savage reads, and as he turns page after page, a new world opens before his eyes. He feels expand within him thousands of thoughts, ideas, and feelings unknown before; a mere sensual being when he began to read, he has become an intellectual, and will soon be a moral creature. Homer reveals to him in the first place, the superior world, the immortality of the soul, the judgment after death, sovereign justice, the expiation, rewards according to our virtues or our crimes, Heaven and Hell;—disguised no doubt by fables and allegories, but still visible and apparent through these symbols, as the figure beneath the drapery which covers while it shows it. He next tells him of glory, that passion for mutual esteem and eternal honour, which has been given to men as the instinct most nearly allied to virtue. He teaches him patriotism, in the exploits of the heroes who leave their ancestral realms, tearing themselves from the arms of wives and mothers, to shed their blood in national expeditions, like the Trojan war, to give honour to their native land. He tells him of the calamities of war by describing the burning of Troy, and the combats beneath the walls. He teaches friendship by the example of Achilles and Patroclus; wisdom, by that of Mentor; conjugal fidelity, by Andromache; consideration for age, by the old King Priamus, to whom Achilles gives up with tears the corpse of his son; disgust for outrage to the dead, by the body of Hector dragged seven times around the walls of his own capital; compassion, for Astyanax led into slavery by the Greeks, while still a child in his mother's arms; the vengeance of the gods, in the early death of Achilles; the consequences of infidelity, in Helen; scorn for the breach of domestic ties, in Menelaus; the sacredness of law, the utility of trades, the invention and the beauty of the arts;—everywhere, in short, the interpretation of the language of nature, always pervaded by a moral significance, revealed in each of its phenomena in earth, sea, and sky; as it were, a cypher of correspondence between God and man, given so completely and so exactly in the verses of Homer, that the unseen and the material world, reflected each in the other like stars in a lake, seem to be but a single thought, and to speak with but one harmonious tongue to the gifted intelligence of the sightless poet. And yet this language is marked by such a melodious rhythm in its measure, and is full of such music in its expression, that each thought seems to enter the mind through the ears, not only as an intelligent idea, but also as a sensuous delight!"

The translation of the work seems to have been prepared with care, and in several cases historical inaccuracies are pointed out and corrected. More serious errors, on the part of Lamartine, are found in some of the memoirs, but these could not have been noticed without entering upon discussions which the English translator or editor has judiciously avoided.

NOTICES.

The Nature of Cholera Investigated; with a Supplemental Chapter on Treatment. By John George French, F.R.C.S. Churchill.

Results of an Inquiry into the Invariable Existence of Premonitory Diarrhoea in Cholera. By David Macleughlin, M.D. Churchill.

ALTHOUGH the alarm of a fresh outbreak of this deadly disease has for the present passed over, it is well that medical men of science and skill are continuing their researches and inquiries as to its causes and nature. Mr. French, who seems to have devoted much attention to the subject ever since the

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first epidemic in 1832, professes to give an explanation of cholera, not less consistent and complete than is received in the case of scarlet fever, small-pox, or any other of the exanthematous diseases. The results are given as inductions from many observations, and the statement of these is made with logical precision and clearness. The subject is not one upon the details of which it is our province to enter, but we briefly state that, according to Mr. French, the disease is caused by a specific poison, which acts directly on the circulatory system, paralyzing the heart, and he represents the diarrhoea, and other symptoms usually described as the essentials of cholera, as merely the medicatory efforts of nature to reduce the bulk and change the quality of the blood. The diarrhoea is analogous, therefore, to the eruption of smallpox or scarlet fever, by which the oppression of the brain is relieved. We do not know how far this view may tally with the facts announced in Dr. Macleoughlin's letters to the Registrar-General, in which it is averred that in nearly a thousand cases there was not one in which cholera was not preceded by premonitory symptoms of diarrhoea. The difficulty is to get at facts sufficiently accurate for scientific induction. Colonel Sykes, Mr. Mowat, and others, who reported the early history of the disease in the East, spoke of men being struck down when in perfect health, as if by the effects of some invisible poison. Mr. French's theory is extremely simple, and has an air of probability lent to it by the analogy of other epidemics. The treatment indicated by this view of the disease is also in accordance with the general results of medical experience in India and this country.

Claudius Ptolemy and the Nile. By William Desborough Cooley. John W. Parker and Son.

THOSE who are interested in the history and literature of African geography will find in Mr. Cooley's treatise various points relating to Egypt and the Nile ably and learnedly discussed. The chief design is stated to be to examine the real merits and speculative errors of Ptolemy, his knowledge of Eastern Africa, and the authenticity of the Mountains of the Moon. On the latter point Mr. Cooley thinks the single passage in Ptolemy which has caused so much difficulty is an interpolation of comparatively recent date. His general opinion of the accuracy and fidelity of the ancient geographer is high, and causes of error and misunderstanding are pointed out. Ptolemy's map of Africa has some obvious exaggerations and discrepancies, but these are very far reduced by making allowance for the mistake of Ptolemy in assuming only 500 stadia, or about fifty geographical miles, to a degree; six degrees, or a meridian, of his scale are equal to but five true degrees, and this correction being made, some of his errors are greatly reduced. The knowledge which he acquired from the Greek mariners of his time contains much that is correct and valuable, and it is not surprising that, as to regions less known, he should have reported much that has since been found to be incorrect or fabulous. Mr. Cooley shows satisfactorily that the Blue Nile is the Nile of the ancients, where that name was applied to the upper waters of the country. The arguments are supported by quotations from the works of modern travellers, as well as from the ancient classics and old writers.

Marriage Affinity Question; or, Marriage with the Sister of a Deceased Wife fully Discussed, in the Light of History, Ecclesiastical and Civil Law, Scripture, Reason, and Expediency. By the Rev. James Gibson, A.M. Johnstone and Hunter.

MARRIAGE with a deceased wife's sister is illegal in all parts of the kingdom, but in addition to legal impediments there is in Scotland a force of moral feeling on the subject which renders any alteration of the existing law hopeless. Accordingly, when Mr. Stuart Wortley's bill was last brought before Parliament, Scotland was excluded from its provisions. In the treatise of Mr. Gibson, a Scottish Presbyterian, will be found a systematic array of all the arguments, theological, moral, social, and legal, in favour of the present system. The pleas on the opposite side are stated with more fairness

than they are disposed of with courtesy. Mr. Gibson's own views are so decided on the question, that he can scarcely imagine any man of ordinary moral feeling, and with a disposition to obey the divine law, advocating a change of the civil law in the special case of affinity under discussion. But the faults are rather of manner than of matter. Mr. Gibson's book is a most complete and learned treatise on the subject, though he will fail to convince many that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is less natural and right than marriage with a cousin.

Descriptive and Historical Notices of Northumbrian Castles, Churches, and Antiquities. Third Series. By William Sidney Gibson, Esq. Longman and Co.

The Antiquities of the Borough of Leeds Described and Illustrated. By James Wardell. J. Russell Smith.

OF these valuable contributions to Archaeological literature it is sufficient to announce the publication. Mr. Gibson has already published interesting papers on the antiquities of the North of England, and this series comprises descriptive and historical notices of Naworth Castle, Lanercost Priory, Corby Castle; the monasteries of Brinkburn, Jarrow, and Tynemouth; Bishop Middleham, and the Town of Hartlepool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Durham Cathedral. Views are given of Naworth Castle as restored, and of Corby Castle, near Carlisle.

Of the 'Antiquities of the Borough of Leeds,' Mr. Wardell's volume gives a concise and interesting account, with illustrations, among which are beautiful specimens of encaustic tiles from Kirkstall Abbey. The notices are given chronologically, under the British, Roman, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and Medieval periods. References are given to various works in which descriptions occur of the antiquities of Leeds and its neighbourhood.

A Practical Grammar of the Turkish Language, with Dialogues and Vocabulary. By W. Burckhardt Barker, Professor of Oriental Languages at Eton College. Bernard Quaritch.

WHATEVER may be the issue of the present war in the East, it is probable that the relations between Turkey and this country will be more intimate than heretofore, and that a knowledge of the Turkish language will be more frequently desirable for Englishmen having civil or military duties to perform in that part of the world. To meet this probable demand Mr. Barker has prepared this elementary practical grammar, which is well adapted for the use of students of the Turkish language.

SUMMARY.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT continues the issue of *The Stratford Shakespeare* (T. Hodgson), cheap, convenient in size, and having the advantage of an editor at once enthusiastic and judicious, than whom few have devoted more time and labour to the elucidation of the text. At the end of each play various readings are given, in which Mr. Collier's emendations are critically examined, and in many instances severely reprobated. One sentence will show the way in which many of Mr. Collier's alterations are received by Mr. Knight, who prints his own comments thus in a parallel column,—

"Well, the most contagious fiend bids me pack."

Merchant of Venice, act ii, sc. 2.

"'Launcelot,' says Mr. Collier, 'in the old copies calls the devil a courageous fiend, — a word certainly very ill applied, when he is advising the boy to run away.'"

"When the Corrector, in his dashing way, not having the slightest conception of humour, changed the epithet to *contagious*, he forgot to change the words of the next sentence, which carry on the humour: 'Rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run.'"

Glossaries, prefaces, and occasional notes, add to the value of this edition.

The sixth volume of the *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay* (Hurst and Blackett), contains the record of events from 1793 to 1812. In 1793 there is an entry about Rogers the Poet, whose 'Pleasures of Memory' had then recently appeared. A portrait of Madame de Staël forms the frontispiece to this volume.

The proposed erection of new colleges at Oxford has led to the publication of a paper, with plans, by Edward G. Bruton, architect, *Private Halls and Collegiate Additions* (J. H. Parker), originally read before the Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture. No. 1 of a new periodical, a monthly review of special subjects, *The Censor* (R. Hardwicke), contains articles on 'The Great Strike,' and on 'Modern Trade.' The writer feels strongly, and writes warmly, on some of the existing evils and wrongs connected with the position of the labouring classes, and some of his suggestions are worthy of attention. The principle of association, as here advocated, is very different from the views which some socialist speculators have propounded.

Of a number of books on religious or theological subjects we can give merely the titles, with intimations of the contents of some of them. *A Treatise on Relics*, by John Calvin (Johnstone and Hunter), a new translation from the French, with an introductory dissertation on the miraculous images, and other superstitions of the Russian and Russo-Greek churches. Calvin's treatise is a masterly piece of its kind, and some parts of it have high literary merit, apart from their theological bearing. There is nothing in Pascal's 'Provincial Letters' superior to the quiet humour with which Calvin describes the miracles and legends associated with Romish relics. *Help to the Profitable Reading of the Psalms for Christian People*, by the Rev. Edward Walter, B.A. (Skeffington), containing the Prayer-book version of the Psalter, with a brief devotional commentary. *The Old Minor Canon; or, a Life of Struggle and a Life of Song*, by the Rev. Erskine Neale, M.A. (Sampson Low and Son), a tale with considerable variety of incident and of character. A series of discourses by the Rev. Alexander Russell, late curate of Herston-moore, now a colonial missionary, is published under the title of *The Light which Lighteth every Man* (Hope and Co.), sermons earnest in their tone and practical in their tendency. A volume, on a question of much importance in ecclesiastical controversy, is entitled *The Church of England and Erastianism since the Reformation*, by the Rev. J. R. Pretyman, M.A. (Hope and Co.), showing historically how the Anglican Church is controlled by the power of the State, and pleading for greater liberty of action. *Vava; or, a Child of Adoption* (Nisbet and Co.), an American tale of pious and moral tendency. *Prophetic and other Works quoted with Reference to Passages in the Revelation*, by Edmund Eytton, Esq. (Johnstone and Hunter.) *The Sins of the Times: or, Divine Judgments considered in their Character, Causes, and Remedies, a Fast-Day Sermon*, by the Rev. R. W. Hetherington, LL.D. (Johnstone and Hunter), author of a popular history of the Church of Scotland.

Under the title of *Youthful Pilgrims* (W. and F. G. Cash), a series of biographical sketches is published of young persons of piety belonging to the Society of Friends. From these simple memorials a more striking and true idea of the principles and practices of this religious community can be formed than from formal expositions or controversial treatises, while there are many illustrations of character in these memorials of youthful pilgrims, that will be deemed pleasing and profitable by Christians of all denominations.

Many sermons were published on the occasion of the National Fast of April 26th, among which we give the titles of the following: *The Duty of Trusting in God; two Sermons, preached in St. Mary's Church, Plaistow*, by the Rev. R. W. B. Marsh, M.A., and the Rev. Alfred J. Perry, B.A. (Hope and Co.) *Words on the War*. By the Rev. William Drake, M.A., preached in Christ Church, Coventry, in presence of some of the troops on their way to foreign service, (Hope and Co.) *Religion*

versus Positive Philosophy. By the Rev. H. W. Kemp, M.A., Incumbent of St. John's Church, Hull, (Seeleys.) A pamphlet on prophetic topics, *The Great Wine-press of Armageddon*, by the author of 'Trinology,' (Strange), is composed of vague and idle speculations on subjects beyond the writer's capacity. Two sermons on *The War and its Issues*, by the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., (Hall, Virtue, and Co.), were preached on the occasion of the National Fast. *The British Controversialist*, a periodical publication (Houlston and Stoneman), of which a half-yearly part, containing the numbers from January to June this year, contains papers on forms of church government, on slavery, spirit-rapping, Scottish grievances, and other topics of passing discussion at the time.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Armstrong's (J.) Parochial Sermons, 8vo, cloth.
Bakewell's (F. C.) Geology for Schools, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Bancroft's American Revolution, Vol. 3, 8vo, cloth, 15s.
Bennett's Tourist's Guide through North Wales, 3s. 6d.
Biographical Magazine, Vol. 5, 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Bliss's (Henry) Robespierre, post 8vo, cloth, 6s.
Brathwaite's Retrospect, Vol. 29, Jan. to June, 1854, 6s.
Clara Morison, 2 vols. fcap. cloth, 9s.
Conquest (The) of Finland, 8vo, cloth, 9s.
Cumming's (J.) Baptismal Font, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s.
Duncan's (A.) Practical Surveyor's Guide, fcap. 8vo, 4s. 6d.
Grainger's Battles and Battlefields of Yorkshire, 3s. 6d.
Hall's (Mrs. S. C.) Handbooks for Ireland, 4 vols., each 2s. 6d.
Hamel's (Dr.) England and Russia, 8vo, cloth, 14s.
Hall's Travels on Shores of the Baltic, post 8vo, 8s. 6d.
Laurie's Universal Exchange Tables, 8vo, cloth, 41.
— French Exchange Tables, 8vo, cloth, 41.
— Expositor of Foreign Exchanges, in case, 3s.
— Manual of Foreign Exchanges, in case, 9s.
Lighted Valley, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
Lost Treasures, post 8vo, cloth.
Ludlow's (W. H.) Hebrew's Daughter, 8vo, cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d.
My Friends and Acquaintance, 3 vols. post 8vo, 41 11s. 6d.
Pardo's (Miss) Roshphorus, 2 vols. 4to, cloth, 41 5s.
Passing Thoughts in Sonnet Stanzas, 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d.
Perdita and Angelina, fcap. 8vo, boards, 2s. 6d.
Perkins' Flora, &c., 6th edition, fcap. cloth, 1s. 6d.
Stewart's (D.) Works, Vol. 1, 8vo, cloth, 12s.
Story on Ballmalls, 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.
Télémaque, par Fenelon, with Notes by Deille, 12mo, 4s. 6d.
Van de Velde's Syria and Palestine in 1851 and 1852, 41 10s.
Whitfield's (Rev. H. J.) Rambles in Devonshire, 6s.
Winslow's Midnight Harmonies, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
Yacht Voyage to Iceland, 12mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
Yvan's (Dr.) Romance of Travel, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

The following extracts from a letter, received from Dr. Vogel, the astronomer and naturalist, now at Lake Tsad, give a characteristic description of those countries and its productions:—

"This is really a terrible country. Whoever expects to meet with tropical abundance here will be sadly disappointed. With the greatest assiduity, for a period of nearly five weeks, I have been unable to discover and collect more than seventy-five different plants. The forests, for the most part, consist merely of acacias (only two sorts) and tamarind-trees; palms (doona) are only to be found about fifty miles north, on the river Yeou. Not a single tree or shrub is devoid of prickles. Perhaps the land presents a more refreshing prospect after the rainy season, for almost all the grasses and the more delicate plants are already quite burnt up by the sun, the thermometer frequently rising above 100 degrees of Fahrenheit, even from the beginning of February.

"We feel severely the lack of fruit and vegetables; of the latter there are only tomatoes and onions, and of the former, with the exception of water melons and bread-melons, there is absolutely nothing which is at all fit to eat; as for the berries used as food by the natives, they would not be given to the cattle at home. Meat and poultry are consequently almost the sole viands, and they are very plentiful and cheap. A fowl may be bought for two needles, a sheep for eighteenpence, and a large ox for six shillings. We live chiefly on fowls, as butcher's meat keeps sweet only a day and a half, at the most.

"The soil is capable of all kinds of cultivation, if there were but people here laborious enough to till it. Indigo, cotton, and melons grow wild; rice and wheat could be raised in any quantity: the former is particularly good, but so rare that it is only to be had as a present from the sultan. The

inhabitants, instead of following agriculture, find it more convenient to make marauding excursions into the neighbouring countries, and to carry off a number of slaves, mostly children from nine to twelve years of age, whom they exchange with the Tibbu and Arab merchants, for the trifling necessities which they possess, beyond the few things afforded them by the soil. These consist principally of calico, burnus, salt, and a little sugar. In this kind of traffic a slave boy of ten years is reckoned at about fifteen shillings, and a girl, of the same age, is worth about one pound sterling.

"Lake Tsad is not so much a fine clear water, but a morass extending farther than the eye can reach, and on its banks mosquitoes in indescribable numbers sting man and horse nearly to death. I cannot sleep by the lake unless I get the straw hut which serves me for a dwelling filled to suffocation with smoke, and am compelled to keep up a fire in it for this purpose throughout the whole night. Kuka lies seven English miles west from the lake, and has consequently fewer gnats, but the flies swarm in infinite multitudes. Nature seems to have provided for their destruction two small species of lizards, which run by thousands to and fro upon the walls with inexpressible rapidity, and snap up the insects with singular readiness. The trees are thickly peopled with chameleons. Beetles and butterflies are extremely scarce; of the former I have procured a sight of two species only, of the latter only about ten or twelve, and but one large one among them. On the other hand, the ants and termites are very numerous; they consume all the woollen and linen stuffs, if these are not secured and shut up with the greatest care. They found their way unfortunately into a packet of plants of the desert which I had collected, and made sad havoc with them. The land is also abundantly infested with venomous serpents and scorpions, and with toads from four to five inches in diameter. There is a vast number of elephants and hippopotami by the lake; I have not unfrequently seen from twenty to thirty of the latter together. Lions and leopards are scarcer; I have not had a sight of any of the former, though I have heard them roar plainly enough, but I saw a very fine specimen of the latter only a short time since. I was disappointed, however, of getting a shot at him, as he became aware of my presence when he was about thirty to forty paces off, and retreated with all speed into an impenetrable acacia thicket. Large wild boars (*Phacochoerus*) are very plentiful; they live in burrows in the woods. Gazelles and antelopes are likewise very numerous, the last are of two or three species. Wild buffaloes frequent the marshy shore of the lake, and are considered a good booty on account of their flesh and hide. But hunting them is dangerous. On one occasion a buffalo which I had wounded with a bullet turned suddenly round, attacked my people who already fancied themselves sure of victory, killed two horses and wounded a man very severely. Another which we encountered on the road about fifty miles hence, ran towards the caravan, and seeing his progress stopped by the long row of camels, rushed on one of them, ran him down, and wounded him so dangerously in the breast that we were obliged to put him to death next day.

"The black ladies here plait their hair, employing in the process an extravagant supply of butter, into innumerable little tresses, united in the middle of the head by a comb, which gives them very much the appearance of having on a dragon's helmet. Sometimes they wear also little locks round the head, of the form and size, and, thanks to the fat, of the consistence also of bore-chips. They dye the front teeth red, the corner or canine teeth black, so that when they open the mouth they remind one of a chess-board. They paint themselves over with indigo, including even the arms and face, which gives their complexion an excessively ludicrous blue tint."

THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

THIS exhibition, which announces itself as the second which has appeared, of German paintings has been open for some weeks past, at the rooms,

168, New Bond-street, and begins to attract the notice of art students and admirers. Though small in dimensions, consisting only of eighty-five pictures, and much inferior to the French collection in variety and importance, there is yet enough to amuse a passing hour, and to convey some idea of the forms which the art assumes in Teutonic hands. The most prominent place is occupied by a large historical painting, representing *The Death of Louis IX.* (38), by C. Bewer. A subject better adapted for pictorial composition could scarcely be imagined, for this closing scene in the life of so celebrated a monarch as Saint Louis, with whom the spirit of the crusades itself expired,—this last act of the wonderful drama which had been played on the theatre of Europe and Asia for nearly two hundred years, was enacted on the ruins of Carthage, in the face of a devoted army, and almost in the presence of Charles of Anjou, King of Naples, who was hastening to join the French crusaders in their expedition against Tunis. These circumstances combine to give great dramatic interest to the scene here depicted, and, in spite of some formalism, and a want of richness and variety, the attempt has not been wholly unsuccessful. A beam of light which crosses the picture leads the eye, somewhat artificially, to the principal figure, that of the dying king, around whom the other personages appropriately arrange themselves. Among the smaller figure-subjects a group by Siebert, with the motto *Where there is no Money there is no Law* (1), conveys a feeling of great completeness. The scene is an animated conversation between a party engaged in arranging a difficulty. The cavalier, it would seem, either cannot or will not discharge the reckoning which the hostess indignantly lays before him; the page looks on with malicious triumph at her anxiety; the landlord, with true German *sang froid*, smokes his pipe listlessly, and an urchin in front surveys the lawless soldier with a concentrated stare, which is peculiar to his age and limited acquaintance with the world in general. Everything, down to the bread, meat, and other domestic articles, is well and truly painted, showing accuracy and finish, without overcrowding or affectation. *The Middy's Lecture on Sobriety* (47), by Henry Ritter, recommends itself particularly to attention, not only from its subject but its execution. The boy stands before a group of three sailors, the middle one of whom, a negro, is hiding a bottle under his hat, and the other two listen with much show of respect, but intense inward amusement, to the admonition, which appears to be given with all seriousness. The humour of the scene is excellent, however the prevalence of such a missionary spirit of temperance among the midshipmen of the navy may be doubted. This picture is stated to be exhibited again, as being the last work of its author. *Scenes from the Thirty Years' War* (27 and 52), by G. Sell, are remarkable for skill, invention, and variety. All these qualities are conspicuous in the drawing (52), representing eight figures defending the window of a castle. The treatment of the hands, though very much alike throughout, deserves notice. A sketch by O. Knuille, being a *Subject from the Peasants' War* (12), is a piece of clever grouping. The position of the figures as they appear to come up to the spectator is natural and forcible, and there is taste and spirit throughout. A similar passage, full of the passions of individual conflict, occurs in *A Sketch of the Battle of Grosheren* (19), by G. Bleibtreu. E. Geselchup is an artist who studies the conversations of the Leyden school, with certain varieties that are due to the influence of modern manners. *Soap Bubbles* (7) is a theme founded upon traditions of F. Mieris or Netscher, and though the consummate skill of these masters leaves imitators far behind, something is here attained of their style of dealing with a subject. *Solitude* (18 and 35) are other subjects of the same class. *Politics* (5), by C. Wischebrink, is lower down in the scale of manners; indeed, there is something repulsive in this unmitigated rendering of poor and low life. *Merry-making in Westphalia* (10), by J. W. Walander, has humour and character, but is sadly

deficient in beauty or refinement or ingenuity. A *Village Scene in the Black Forest* (17), by C. E. Bötcher, has much more taste and natural grace; indeed, a large number of figures are here very easily occupied in pursuits suitable to their manner of life; but their rusticity is apt to decline into mere lifelessness.

In landscape we are struck by the remarkable sameness of the great mass of subjects. There is evidently a conventional mode of rendering nature which has particular charms for German eyes. We take the *Landscape, Holland* (4), by Steinecke, and a *Landscape in Bavaria* (64), by C. Schweich, as instances of this style. The foregrounds are painted with a small touch, representing natural plants and vegetation, with an abundance of minute handling, and no attempt at a broad or bold manner; and the distances, which are extremely remote, consist often of mere random lines of colour, and fail to convey any good imitation of far-off scenery; whilst the middle parts, which embrace something of the handling of the first, with the freedom of the latter, are decidedly the best portions of the works in question. An *Italian Landscape—Subject from Lariccia* (34), by O. Achenbach, is one of the finest in the room, whether the glow of colour, or the masterly painting of the buildings in the centre, be considered. The figures also are nicely placed and well treated. Whether the composition be original or not, it is in its kind excellent, allied to the style of J. Both, and other followers of Italian models. In a *Landscape in Westphalia* (36), the artist, Andreas Achenbach, would seem to have been looking at Rembrandt for an arrangement of powerful contrast. Scarcely a single representation of water in the gallery is successful. In the *Waterfall in Sweden* (3), by M. Larson, where the arrangements of Ruysdael have been studied, the effect of light upon broken waves is attempted by a bold introduction of all the prismatic colours into the water itself, and an effect of low refracted light is produced when the picture is viewed at a distance. The attempt would seem to be more philosophical in theory than successful in practice. A *Landscape in the Lauter Brunn Valley*, by A. Weber, is boldly and well treated in something of the same style. Many other pictures by the same artist show great skill and proficiency. *Moonlight on the Soque Fiords* (63), by M. Larson, is an attempt at a brilliant piece of light and shade, but its effect, though attractive at first, is not borne out by a closer inspection. There are many other landscapes which will repay attention, but none which present any serious rivalry with the efforts of the English School.

A remarkable picture, called *Interior—a Band of Robbers Disturbed* (74), by A. von Wille, shows considerable imagination in its design, and in its accessories and minor parts refers to manners and situations which are quite remote from our ideas. It is to be regretted that an introduction of raw green colour at an open window destroys much of the charm excited by the originality of this composition.

That so many of these artists should have chosen Norway and Sweden for their sources of inspiration seems surprising; and in this respect, as well as in peculiarities of style and treatment, a degree of uniformity is produced, which has been already alluded to, and from which the eye naturally seeks some relief.

SEPULCHRAL INSCRIPTIONS.

The following Memorial has been presented to Lord Palmerston, by the Society of Antiquaries, on the subject of the Sepulchral Inscriptions in the Grave-yards of the London Churches.

"To the Right Hon. Henry John Viscount Palmerston, G.C.B., Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department.

"The memorial of the Society of Antiquaries of London.

"Your Memorialists beg to call your Lordship's attention to the following extract from a report lately presented by Mr. Hayward to the City

Commission of Sewers, as stated in the 'Morning Chronicle' of the 26th January, 1854:—

"The churchyards being now for the most part permanently closed, the inspectors have been relieved from the labour attending their supervision. As it is not likely that their surface will be ever again much disturbed, it is greatly to be desired that the parochial authorities would immediately take measures for diminishing the chance of injurious emanations from them; and the means which will effect this can at the same time be made to redeem them from their present desolate and neglected appearance. Where the churchyards are small and surrounded closely with buildings, and have been but rarely opened for interments for several years past, paving their whole surface with flag-stones is the best course that can be adopted. Where they are large and more open, they should be well drained, have their surfaces covered with fresh mould, and be laid out with walks, and either be planted with hardy shrubs and trees, or be turfed over their whole surface. None of the churchyards are so extensive as to cost very great sums to effect this, and if done well, the subsequent annual expenses would be trifling. Such measures have already been taken with regard to several of them, and they afford an example worthy of being immediately followed by the remainder; and I have no doubt that a recommendation of your honourable Court to this effect would be immediately complied with.'

"Besides the particular case of the City churchyards, your Memorialists would desire to bring before your Lordship the general question of the preservation of existing monuments in churches and churchyards, with reference to which they beg to submit the following facts:

"A Bill is proposed to be brought before Parliament by the North Metropolitan Railway Company, by which it is sought to obtain for the Company the power of purchasing several churchyards adjoining their line, but no provision is made for preserving monumental inscriptions.

"The churchyards of St. Clement Danes, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, has been aliened to King's College Hospital. It is at present used as a place for the deposit of building materials; and it is stated that some tombstones have already disappeared.

"When the church in Threadneedle-street was removed for the formation of approaches to the new Royal Exchange, although some of the more interesting monuments (such as that of Miles Coverdale) were removed to other churches, no authentic record was taken (as your memorialists believe) of the greater part of the slabs and engraved stones.

"In St. Pancras burial-ground many of the inscriptions published by Lysons as existing are no longer to be found; several were destroyed on the recent restoration of the church.

"Your Memorialists can scarcely overrate the importance of these records, as evidences of title, and in the tracing of pedigrees; and it is to be feared that if they are destroyed, not only a great amount of valuable evidence will be lost, but facilities will be given for manufacturing inscriptions and assumed copies of lost stones, and as in a recent peerage case, for the actual production of forged stones. Your Memorialists submit the whole subject to your Lordship's consideration, and they especially desire to refer to your Lordship's judgment whether a careful and accurate record of all monumental inscriptions should not be made under the sanction of Government, and such record be made evidence, and also whether all such monuments should not as far as possible be preserved. And they submit to your Lordship that the preservation of a record of inscriptions might be efficiently carried out, without involving (comparatively speaking) a large expense, through the office of the Registrar General.

"And your Memorialists will ever pray."

The following reply has been received:—

"Whitehall, 15th May, 1854.

"Sir,—I have laid your letter of the 10th instant before Viscount Palmerston, and I am to

inform you that his Lordship does not see how he can interfere in respect to the sepulchral memorials in graveyards.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"(Signed) H. WADDINGTON.

"The Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, Somerset House."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE Secretaries of the Archaeological Institute have issued the following Programme of proceedings for their Annual Meeting, at Cambridge. *President*, the Lord Talbot De Malahide M.A., F.S.A. *Presidents of Sections: History*,—Edwin Guest, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., Master of Gonville and Caius College. *Antiquities*,—The Hon. Richard Cornwallis Neville, F.S.A. *Architecture*,—The Rev. William Whewell, D.D., F.R.S., Master of Trinity College. Tuesday, July 4.—The Reception Room on this day will be at the Council Chamber, at the Town Hall, and afterwards at the Red Lion Hotel, Petty Cury, where Tickets for the Meeting may be obtained, and more full information regarding the proceedings of the week. The Introductory Meeting of the Institute will be held on this day. The earlier part of the day will be occupied by the proceedings of the University Commencement. Between ten and twelve o'clock degrees will be conferred, the Chancellor's Prize Poem and other Prizes recited, in the Senate House. The meeting will take place in the evening, by permission of the Mayor and Borough Council, at the Town Hall, in the Market Place, at half-past eight. Wednesday, July 5.—Meetings of Sections, commencing at ten, will take place in the Public Schools, by permission of the Senate of the University. Professor Willis will give in the course of this day his Observations on certain Ecclesiastical and Collegiate Buildings in the University; he will accompany the members in an examination of those structures, and point out their architectural peculiarities.—Evening Meeting at the Town Hall, at nine. Thursday, July 6.—Meetings of Sections at the Public Schools.—Short Excursions in the neighbourhood of Cambridge may be arranged for the afternoon.—Evening Meeting, at nine. Friday, July 7.—Excursion by Railway to Bury St. Edmunds, by the special invitation of the Lord Arthur Hervey and the Suffolk Archaeological Institute. Besides the remarkable remains of the Abbey and other objects of antiquity in the town, it is proposed to visit Hengrave and Saxham Halls, and certain other points of interest to the Antiquary in the vicinity. The Members of the two Societies will dine together in the Town Hall, at Bury St. Edmunds. Saturday, July 8.—Meetings of Sections in the Public Schools.—Excursion to Audley End, by the kind invitation of the Lord Braybrooke; the Hon. Richard Neville will open to the visitors his rich Museum of British, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon Antiquities, collected in the course of his researches and excavations at Chesterford, Little Wilbraham, Linton Heath, and other parts of Cambridgeshire and Essex. Visit to Saffron Walden, the Church, Ancient Remains of Domestic Architecture, Museum, &c. It is requested that all Visitors at Audley End (as also on all other occasions) will produce their tickets for the Meeting, as admission will be to the bearers of Tickets only. Monday, July 10.—Meetings of Sections at ten.—Excursion to Ely Cathedral. Evening Meeting. Tuesday, July 11.—Annual Meeting of Members of the Institute at ten. Meeting at eleven for Reading Memoirs, &c.—General Concluding Meeting in the Senate House, at one. The Temporary Museum of the Institute, open only to bearers of Tickets for the Meeting, will be formed, by the kind permission of the Master and Seniors, in the Lecture Rooms at Trinity College. Several colleges have consented to deposit their ancient plate for inspection there. All persons disposed to contribute for Exhibition Antiquities or Works of Art, are requested to communicate at their earliest convenience with the Secretaries of the Institute in London, or in Cambridge with Mr. C. C. Ba-

bington, St. John's College, or Mr. Norris Deck, King's Parade. Every precaution will be taken to ensure the safety of objects thus entrusted, and glazed cases provided for their exhibition.

The mystery of "spirit-rapping," which has caused such extraordinary sensation both in the United States and this country, has been discovered by Dr. Schiff, of Frankfort sur Maine, who was lately present when a "medium" was engaged in producing the rappings. This medium was a young German girl, and as she sat perfectly isolated, and made no perceptible movement, the Doctor was puzzled to guess how she caused the *tap, tap*, by which questions were answered. Going home, it struck him that the noise might be occasioned by straining the tendons and muscles; and he immediately set to work to contract his feet and hands, and make other experiments with his limbs. At length, to his delight, the "rapping" struck his ear; and, after a few trials, he found that he could create it at will as easily as any "medium." And how is the thing done? By simply displacing the *peroneus longus* which passes behind the ankle up the leg; such displacing being effected by a scarcely perceptible change in the position of the foot, and being accompanied by a loudish snap. In persons in whom the fibrous sheath containing the *peroneus* is weak or relaxed, the movement is more easily effected and produces a greater noise. Having made this discovery, Dr. Schiff practised it until he got to be a first-rate "medium," and then he hastened off to Paris to make it known. In a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences, a paper on the subject was read; and afterwards the Doctor, in presence of the learned body, showed how the feat was accomplished. Over and over again he created "rappings" as distinct and as clear as any "spirit" has done yet. His simple, yet scientific, explanation of one of the greatest of modern impostures caused both gratification and amusement to the Academy; and we take it for granted that, henceforth, "spirit-rapping" will be as much scouted as Professor Faraday has caused "table-turning" to be.

The proposed reform in the system of appointments to the civil service of the Government has led to a variety of suggestions of all manner of kinds. Of the necessity of some qualification and preparation for official service there is now no dispute. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has declared the purpose of the Government to open up many civil appointments to competition, for which examination on a prescribed course of studies will be requisite. But by whom is the examination to be conducted? Is there to be a new board, with its attendant train of salaried commissioners, and secretaries, and examiners? Is there not risk of political favour and patronage having influence as under the existing system? It is proposed, by the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Best, Rector of Abbott's Ann, that diplomas should be granted, through the agency of the institution in union with the London Society of Arts, and that candidates must possess their diplomas. We question the propriety of thus formally associating the Society of Arts, an institution for particular objects, independent of public and political affairs, with the general arrangements of the Government. But it would certainly tend to the diffusion of education, and the fostering of talent and industry throughout the country, if certificates or diplomas, granted by local institutions, were taken favourably into consideration by Government offices, railway companies, and other public bodies, in the selection of young men to fill situations at their disposal. Nothing can be worse than the actual way in which such appointments are generally given, irrespective of any personal fitness or merit, to the detriment of the public service. Mr. Best's pamphlet (*Groombridge and Sons*) deserves consideration on this point. In the form of a letter to the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, by James Buller, M.A., late treasurer to the Tithe Commission, some valuable remarks are also made on Civil Service Reform. Mr. Buller states very forcibly the abuses of the existing system, and explains their causes and results. Some recommendations are offered, which seem so simple,

that the fact of such proposals being made bears sad testimony to the presence of evils now prevailing:—

"1. That the examination of any candidate for admission to the Civil Service should be, as far as it goes, *bona fide*; that he should be required to write a good, legible hand; prove himself master of the ordinary rules of arithmetic, and have a fair knowledge of English composition. Candidates for appointments in the Foreign Office would have to undergo some additional tests. The examination papers to be in all cases carefully filed in the office where the examination is conducted. 2. That no new appointment to the Civil Service should be confirmed until after one year of probation. 3. That upon the expiration of one year the Heads and Secretary of the department to which such probationer may belong shall forward to the Treasury a certificate, stating,—1stly. The nature of the work upon which he has been employed. 2ndly. His particular qualifications, if any, character, age, &c. 3rdly. Whether they propose to appoint him, or, in the event of the patronage vesting in the Treasury, whether they can recommend him for a permanent appointment. These certificates, if filed at the Treasury, and registered, will, I consider, be a powerful check upon Heads of departments granting certificates to inefficient persons." We confess that little is to be hoped from the efficiency of checks dependent on the Heads of departments. Their attention is too rarely bestowed on any matter that can be left to subordinates, who will be liable to favouritism and other causes of wrong appointments, without having the responsibility of being answerable for the consequences. Probably, on the whole, it might be best to require every certificate, either for appointment or promotion, to be examined by some independent board or impartial tribunal, to whom this important duty might be officially entrusted.

Under the name of 'The Literary and Scientific Institutions Act,' a bill has been introduced into Parliament, and was read a second time on Wednesday, the object of which is to afford greater facilities for the promotion of literature and science and the fine arts, and to provide for their better regulation. The Bill makes provision for the favourable and safe conveyance of land and property for such institutions, with forms of grants, trusteeships, and other arrangements necessary for their establishment and perpetuation. Separate clauses provide for the manner of the property being vested, the liabilities of members, the mode of suits being brought by and against such institutions, with other regulations affecting their management and the adjustment of their affairs, either during existence or in case of a dissolution. The Act applies to any institution for the promotion of science, literature, and the fine arts, or the diffusion of useful knowledge, for the foundation of libraries for general use among the members or open to the public, of public museums and galleries of paintings, and other works of art, and of collections of natural history, and mechanical and philosophical inventions, instruments, and designs. The Bill, which is brought in by Mr. Hall and Mr. Headlam, seems to have been carefully considered, and will, with slight modifications, which will probably be made in Committee, prove a highly beneficial measure.

The admission of Dissenters to study at the University of Oxford has been voted by the House of Commons, by a majority of 252 to 161. Mr. Heywood's motion was merely to the effect that no oaths or subscriptions should be necessary, except the oath of allegiance, to any person matriculating at the University. A further proposal to dispense with the oaths and subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles in the case of graduates was thrown out by 205 to 196. Some of those who opposed Mr. Heywood's motion, especially Lord John Russell and Mr. Sidney Herbert, strongly advocated the admission of Dissenters, but thought that the present bill would thereby be endangered.

The author of 'The Schools of Doubt and the School of Faith,' has addressed the following letter to the English translator of that work, relative to certain mistakes in regard to M. de Gasparin's family. Sir,—You have been misinformed in re-

ference to my parents. 1st. My father was descended on the mother's side from the Protestant family of Olivier de Serres, and never was a Roman Catholic. The story, therefore, of the two sermons of M. Adolphe Monod, and the conversion produced by their perusal, is altogether inaccurate. 2nd. My mother, whom you represent as converted by the same means, belonged to a Protestant family (that of the Barons de Dannant); and not only so, but her whole residence at Lyons was marked by an evangelistic zeal and Christian works which cannot even now have been forgotten. 3rd. It was not I, but my father, who belonged to the Chamber of Peers under Louis Philippe, and who, along with the Duke de Broglie and Count Pelet de La Lozère, boldly defended there the cause of religious liberty. I may add, too, that it was he who, as Minister of the Interior, introduced various measures for securing the exercise of our rights. You can understand, sir, my unwillingness to shine at his expense, and as it were to adorn myself with his spoils. If, at the same period, in my place in the Chamber of Deputies, I contended for the same principles, yet it was in a far less elevated position, and with greatly inferior authority. I hasten to request that you would make these corrections, which are indispensable, while, at the same time, I have to express my gratitude for your work, and for the good-will towards me which you testify.

Signed, A. DE GASPARIN.

Valleyray (Canton de Vaud), 5th June, 1854.

The following Minute on aiding the formation of Local Museums of Art has been recently issued by the Board of Trade. The Lords of the Committee of Council for Trade are desirous that local schools of art should derive all possible advantage from the Central Museum of Ornamental Art, and are prepared to afford assistance in enabling them to do so. Their lordships are of opinion that if articles belonging to the Central Museum were circulated among the schools of art and publicly exhibited, the instruction given in the schools would be aided; the formation of local museums encouraged; the funds of the local schools assisted; and the public knowledge of taste generally improved. With these views my lords have directed that collections should be made of articles from each of the divisions of the Central Museum—namely, glass; lace; metals; ivory carvings, &c.; pottery; paper hangings; and woven fabrics:—and, that they should be sent in rotation to local schools making due application, and expressing their willingness to conform to the following conditions. 1. That adequate provision be made by the committees of the local schools for exhibiting—during a limited period—the collections to the students and the public, both in the day time and the evening. 2. That the committee of the school endeavour to add to the exhibition by obtaining loans of specimens from the collections of private individuals in the neighbourhood. 3. That the students of the schools be admitted free; but that all other persons, not students, pay a moderate fee for admission, which should be higher in the morning than in the evening. To enable artisans and others employed in the day time to share in the benefits to be derived from the collection, the fee on three evenings in the week should not exceed one penny each person. 4. That any funds so raised should be applied—1st, to the payment of the transport of the collection to the school and other expenses of the exhibition;—and, 2nd, that the balance be appropriated in the following proportions—namely, one quarter to the masters' fund; one half to the purchase of examples for a permanent museum, &c.; and one quarter to the general fund of the school. Committees of schools desiring to receive the collections are requested to apply, according to a form given in the circular.

An Architectural Museum has just been formed under considerable patronage in Cannon-row, Parliament-street, for the benefit of workmen engaged in the artistic departments of building. To effect this, an extensive and rapidly increasing collection has been formed of casts from the finest ancient examples (both English and foreign) of architectural carving and sculpture, effigies, &c.; mouldings

and other ornamental features; rubbings of sepulchral brasses, &c.; tracings of stained glass and mural paintings; encaustic tiles; also specimens of metal-work, impressions of ancient seals, and other minor objects of art. Original specimens are only admitted where their removal would not be in any degree an act of spoliation. To these objects are being added as opportunities offer, photographs from architectural objects at home and abroad, and a collection of casts from natural leaves, &c., to enable the workman to study the best artistic works which have been founded upon natural objects, side by side with Nature herself. The institution has been eminently successful, and the collection is already most extensive; but as greatly increased funds are necessary to carrying out fully the objects of the committee, not only in perfecting the collection, but in rendering it, by establishing courses of lectures and other means, in the highest practical degree useful to those for whose benefit it is founded, the active co-operation of our own profession and of lovers of art in general is earnestly solicited. It may be mentioned that owing to the great outlay necessary to the first establishment of such a museum, the committee are anxious at once to raise by donations a special fund of 500*l*. for the present year, but they are still more desirous of increasing their permanent strength by constantly adding to their list of annual subscribers. Donations or loans of specimens will be most serviceable in enriching the museum. It should be mentioned that the collection is as yet chiefly, though by no means exclusively, illustrative of mediæval art.

The annual meeting of the Law Amendment Society was held at 21, Regent-street, on Wednesday, Lord Brougham in the chair. The Report of the Society's operations during the past year was read, and the office-bearers for the next year appointed. There were several points in the report which gave rise to conversation and discussion, but not of general interest, until a member referred to the apparent failure of recent alleged improvements in the treatment of criminals, and advocated a return to measures of stern coercion and repression by punishments. This drew forth a speech of much earnestness and eloquence from Mr. Hill, the Recorder of Birmingham, who reviewed the history of reformatory schools and other arrangements for the amendment as well as punishment of offenders in England and on the Continent; and gave satisfactory proofs that there was every encouragement to persevere in the system of combating vice, in the young especially, by kindness rather than cruelty. The sense of the meeting, and of the noble chairman, went entirely with Mr. Hill in his remarks. A resolution was also passed expressing the Society's opinion of the desirableness of the appointment of a Minister of Justice, and a competent staff of officers, charged with the special duty of devising and bringing before Parliament measures for the amendment of the law.

Don Perez de Villoramil, one of the most eminent historical painters of Spain, and member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando, has just died at Madrid.

The Paris papers announce the death of Deanne Baron, an aged poet of considerable merit, but very little known.

The Asiatic Society of France held its annual sitting at Paris a few days ago, under the presidency of M. Reynaud, member of the Institute. M. Mohl, the secretary, read a report on the labours of the Society during the past year; M. Adrien de Longperrier then read a paper 'On some Syrian, Assyrian, Chaldean, and Persian antiquities recently added to the museum of the Louvre'; and M. Dugat read a notice on an Arab poet named Hodba.

A treaty for the protection of literary and artistic property has been concluded between France and the Grand Duchy of Baden.

Mr. John Pepps has presented to the Royal Institution, in Albemarle-street, a fifth donation of a hundred pounds. Would that some of our poorer learned societies, equally distinguished for their scientific usefulness, had a few similarly generous friends. "I find I have belonged to the Royal Institution," says Mr. Pepps, in a letter

which accompanied the donation, "more than fifty-four years, and having receiving during that period much mental gratification and pleasure, I wish to make some small return for the entertainment I have enjoyed." An excellent example for those who have obtained the life-enjoyment of any Society's Fellowship, by the mere payment of ten years' subscription in advance.

The Flower Show of the Botanic Society on Wednesday attracted a large assemblage of fashion, upwards of seventeen thousand, we heard, but the gardens have not the freshness and charm of the Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick. We were glad, however, to see a more general exhibition of plants. The collections of British Ferns and British Wild Flowers have more interest for many visitors than the floricultural triumphs of orchid growers and geranium makers, and we would strongly recommend Dr. Lindley to introduce this more truly botanical feature into the Chiswick Exhibition.

Lord Ellesmere gave an elegant *soirée* on Wednesday to the Fellows of the Geographical Society, and a few of their ladies, in his noble picture-gallery at Bridgewater House. Among the objects relating to geographical science exhibited on this occasion was a very curious series of more than one thousand maps and drawings illustrative of the discovery and history of America. They have all been collected and traced from manuscripts, &c., from public and private libraries in different parts of Europe, by Mr. J. G. Kohl, the well-known traveller, who was present, and described the results of his assiduous researches with great interest and enthusiasm.

The revival of Mozart's opera, *Il Seraglio*, at Drury-lane, is the chief event to note in the musical world. The directors deserve great praise for the manner in which this once popular work of the German composer has been brought out, and the performances, both musical and dramatic, have done good justice to the attempt. The opera was composed by Mozart, by the command of the Emperor Joseph II., and was first produced at Vienna, in 1782. It is in the happiest style of Mozart's light composition, with successions of sparkling melody, and occasional airs of much beauty and expressiveness. The play-bills present a copious argument of the piece, a convenience to those who do not care to have the full libretto. In this as in other arrangements at Drury-lane, the managers carry out their purpose of suiting the circumstances of the mass of the people, while aiming to provide musical entertainment worthy of more select patronage. The story of *Il Seraglio* is that of two captives, *Constance* (Madame Rudersdorff) and her servant, *Blonde*, (Mdlle. Bury), who are retained under the charge of *Osmín*, (Herr Fornes), the keeper of the Bashaw Selim's seraglio. *Bassa Selim* is in love with *Constance*, but, being a man of noble and generous nature, wishes to gain her affections by kindness. *Constance* is, however, attached to a young Spanish nobleman, *Belmonte*, (Herr Pecz), while an old servant of his, *Pedrillo*, (Herr Castelli), also a captive, is engaged to *Blonde*. *Pedrillo* is in favour as a gardener, and enjoys greater liberty than is usual with slaves. He contrives to make *Osmín* merry with wine, and plans an escape with the female captives. The plot is discovered, and *Selim* is at first in a rage, but afterwards generously gives them all their liberty, to the great mortification of *Osmín*. Madame Rudersdorff's powerful and skilfully-managed vocalisation was everywhere equal to the very difficult music of the part of *Constance*, and Mdlle. Bury's clear and sweet notes gave adequate expression to that of *Blonde*. Herr Fornes' *Osmín* is one of the best performances in the whole range of the lyric drama of our day. The other parts are creditably filled, but the absence of a first-class tenor is a great drawback to the general force of the Drury-lane company. The *Huguenots* was the opera last night, with Madame Rudersdorff as *Margaret*, Madame Caradori as *Valentine*, Herr Reichardt as *Raoul*, and Herr Fornes as *Marcel*.

At the Royal Italian Opera Madame Grisi's performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* has been the chief at-

traction. The *Huguenots* is again announced, for performance to-night, for the first time this season.

There have been several concerts this week, among which, the most deserving of special mention were Mr. Benedict's annual benefit, at Covent Garden, yesterday, in which he was assisted by an array of the chief performers in London, both vocal and instrumental, and Miss Goddard's concert at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday evening. Miss Goddard played, with much brilliancy and taste, pieces by Mayer, Chopin, and Kullak, as well as Beethoven's Concerto in G major, and Mendelssohn's *Serenade*. Beethoven's great work was given with fine effect by Miss Goddard. Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, M. Miranda, and Mr. Stenrdale Bennett, were the other performers; Mr. Benedict and Mr. A. Mellon conductors. The orchestra, consisting of members of the Orchestral Union, was very efficient, and their performance of Mozart's *Jupiter* symphony was excellent.

Our musical letter from Paris is not without interest. It informs us that Meyerbeer, who has returned to Berlin, has decidedly taken an engagement to have his long-talked-of *Africaine* brought out, at the Grand Opera, in the course of the ensuing winter; and that Halévy has treated with the same establishment for the production of his new work. The *Opéra Comique* is, on its part, preparing for the new campaign, and amongst the novelties it contemplates bringing out is a three-act comic opera, by the Prince de la Moskowa, (Ney's son,) who is an eminent amateur. The well-known Roger, the principal tenor of the Grand Opera, has given in his resignation, to the surprise and, it may safely be said, regret of the public. His engagement, however, will not terminate until October next, and perhaps before that time he may see fit to recal it. His reason for breaking off with the Theatre is, that he has for a long time past been subjected to a series of petty vexations by the director and other people in authority: indeed it is said they have done all they can to drive him from the house, in order to make room for a rival, who has neither his voice, talent, nor popularity. The death of Georges Bousquet is announced; he was a musician of considerable talent, was at one time chief of the orchestra of the Italian Theatre, was attached to the Conservatoire de Musique, and was the author of a little comic opera called *Tabarin*. He was also well known as the musical critic of one of the principal Paris newspapers.

A comedian from Australia is announced to appear at the Haymarket, on Monday, in the part of *Crack*, in *The Turnpike Gate*, and in a piece adapted from the French, entitled *The Young King*. The performance is advertised to be "under the patronage of Australian Colonists," for the benefit of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fund.

Little of importance has occurred at Paris in the theatrical line since our last. All that we find worthy of mention is, that at the Théâtre Français, a two-act drama of great pretension but small merit, by a person named Plouvier, has been brought out under the title, *Songe d'une nuit d'hiver*. It appears that the author actually had the presumption to suppose that it would be considered as a companion piece to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*!

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

LINNEAN. — June 6th. — Thomas Bell, Esq., President, in the chair. William Ferguson, Esq., F.G.S., and Thomas Bacon Phillips, Esq., were elected Fellows. The President nominated Francis Booth, Esq., M.D., Robert Brown, Esq., William Spence, Esq., and William Yarrell, Esq., Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year. R. C. Alexander, Esq., M.D., presented nearly 300 species of dried plants, collected by himself at the Cape of Good Hope. J. D. Salmon, Esq., F.L.S., exhibited two specimens of kestrels, prepared by Mr. Reynolds, of Thetford, Norfolk, in the preservation of which the colouring matter had been introduced internally, beneath the scales of the tarsi. John Hogg, Esq., M.A., F.R., and L.S., read some

observations 'On the External Membrane of the Unimpregnated and Impregnated Ova of the Salmon;' and presented to the Society two phials, with spirits, containing some mature unimpregnated, and some artificially impregnated roe, or ova, of the same female salmon, which had been taken in the Tees, on December 27, 1853, and kindly sent to him by Isaac Fisher, Esq., of Richmond, Yorkshire. Mr. Hogg began his paper by mentioning the opinions which several authors and physiologists hold with regard to the penetration, by the fecundating principle of the milt of the male salmon, the semen of the common frog, rabbit, and other animals, through pores or cells, or even through a cleft or aperture, in the exterior membrane or envelope of the ova of the females; and then showed that the numerous spermatic animalcules, or spermatozoa, which abound in the milt and liquor seminis of the males, constitute the sole fecundating agents. Reference on this point was made to Dr. Martin Barry's, and the late Mr. George Newport's researches in 'Embryology,' published in several recent parts of the 'Philosophical Transactions.' With a view of ascertaining, if possible, the existence of any pores or aperture in the external membrane of the ova of the salmon, as well the unimpregnated as the impregnated, Mr. Hogg magnified portions of their membranes under a good microscope, but was not able to perceive any whatever, the membrane presenting a transparent plain tissue. He also examined some of the entire ova, contained in both phials, with a powerful lens, without detecting any cleft or orifice, the absence of which, indeed, confirms Mr. Newport's careful examination of the envelopes of the ovum of the frog. Mr. Hogg concluded by stating that the latest discovery of this lamented physiologist, which he made known on the 18th April of last year, proved that the spermatozoa do not reach the interior and yolk of the frog's ovum by any aperture in its envelope, but that they penetrate forcibly the very substance of the envelope wherever they may come accidentally into contact with it. This fact will also account for the non-appearance of any special pore, or cleft, or orifice, in the enveloping membrane of the ova of the salmon. The Secretary read a letter addressed to himself, by C. J. F. Bunbury, Esq., F.L.S., mentioning the capture of a specimen of the *Hoopoe*, on the 15th of April last, near the English coast, under rather peculiar circumstances, having entered the cabin windows of the steamer in which Mr. B. was returning from the Canaries, and which was just entering the Channel, in fine weather, and with an easterly wind. Read also an extract from a letter from Dr. F. Welwitsch to Richard Kippist, Esq., librarian L.S., dated St. Paul de Loanda, March 2nd, 1854. (Translated from the German, and communicated by Mr. Kippist.) After touching, on his voyage out from Lisbon, at Madeira, St. Vincent's (Cape Verde), St. Jago, Sierra Leone, and the enchanting Ilha do Principe (Principe's Island), Dr. Welwitsch arrived at St. Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola, in the beginning of October, 1853: and had since investigated upwards of forty (German) miles of coast, from the Quizembo River, nearly to the mouth of the Cuanza, (about 9° 30' south latitude), and collected materials, in well-preserved specimens, for a flora of Loanda, of five or six miles in circumference. In Principe's Island he had met with many splendid tropical species of flowering plants, (apparently undescribed;) and of ferns alone, he had gathered in this lovely island and at Sierra Leone above twenty species, mostly gigantic forms. Down to the date of his letter, the entire number of plants collected by him, in the islands as well as on the continent, amounted to about eight hundred species; but as the rainy season was then approaching, and May and June being, in Angola, the periods of most luxuriant development of vegetation, he confidently anticipates that his collection will shortly be more than doubled. Dr. Welwitsch mentions, as a remarkable fact in connexion with the geographical distribution of plants, the occurrence, in the neighbourhood of Loanda, of three or four *Aloes*, a *Stapelia*, and several other Cape genera.

Of *Euphorbia*, he had found, near Loanda, a gigantic species, with a stem two and a half feet in diameter, and upwards of thirty feet high, forming woods, as *Pinus sylvestris* does with us! In the lakes of the interior he found almost everywhere magnificent *Nymphaeas* and *Pistia stratiotes*, but accompanied by our common *Typhias angustifolia* and *Scirpus maritimus*. But few trees occur in the dry coast-flora, viz., *Adansonia*, *Sterculia*, new species, a *Bauhinia*, an *Azalia*, *Eriodendron anfractuosum*, and three species of palm; on the rivers, however, where the tree-vegetation becomes more dense, the list is augmented by *Arceuthobium Africana*, *Laguncularia racemosa*, *Rhizophora Mangle*, the beautiful *Macraea angolensis*, and several (probably new) species of *Strychnos*. In the woods of *Euphorbia* is found a 'wonderfully beautiful terrestrial orchid,' with a scape four to five feet high, terminated by a spike, a foot in length, of large yellow flowers. A magnificent *Crinum* (C. Broussonetii?) luxuriates in boggy places, and on hilly slopes the *Adansonia* is nearly concealed by a glaucous-leaved *Loranthus*, with deep-red flowers. Dr. Welwitsch announced his intention shortly to dispatch to the care of his agent here some sets of dried plants, as samples of the flora of Loanda, entomological collections, specimens of woods, seeds, living plants, &c.; some of which, including the beautiful yellow-flowered orchids, were stated by Mr. Saunders to have arrived in safety. Adam White, Esq., F.L.S., read a paper 'On a new species of Anomalous Crustacean, belonging to the family Homolidae, found by Mr. Wm. Lobb at Monterey, in California, in the winter of 1850.' This species was in some respects allied to the *Lithodes* (*Echinoceros*) *cibarius*, from the Columbia River, but differed from it in the more regularly triangular and depressed form of the carapace, in the outer antennae having two or three beautiful petaloid processes at the base, instead of the strong thorn-like spines at the base of the other. The abdomen was singularly pitted on the under side; the surface of the carapace was covered with strawberry-like tubercles, and the thick spines with which the legs were covered were similarly ornamented. The most singular character, however, was the absence of the hind pair of legs, or (as Mr. Bell suggested) the apparent absence, there being no holes between the carapace and abdomen through which these appendages could come. Mr. White gave a revision of the species of *Lithodes*, to which, since the work of Professor Milne-Edwards appeared, many additions had been made, including a Japanese species described by Haan, three species from Fuegia, obtained on the voyage of Dumont d'Urville, one described by Edwards and Lucas, another by Dana, and another by Mr. White. He proposed for the fine species obtained by Mr. Lobb the name of *Lithodes* (*Petaloceros*) *bellianus*, in compliment to the President of the Society, so well known by his works and memoirs on British and Exotic Crustacea. The Secretary read a paper by Dr. Walter Adam, 'On the Osteological Relations observable among a few species of the Bovine Family of Animals,' communicated by R. Brown, V.P.L.S. In a communication formerly made by the author to the Linnean Society, and published in the 'Linnean Transactions,' vol. xvi., he endeavoured to trace throughout one large animal (the *Camelus Bactrianus* of Aristotle) the identities and variations of osteological dimensions characteristic of a species. His intention, in the present paper, was to exemplify, by an osteological comparison of some species in a cognate group of animals, the more striking resemblances and deviations in form, which are exhibited among the components of a zoological family. Dr. Adams's materials for this comparison consisted of nine osteological specimens (contained in the British Museum) of the Mammalian family of Bovines; viz., three pairs, male and female, of the Bos Bantiger, the Bibos Gaurus of Nepal, and the Bison of North America; together with three separate males of the Aurochs (Bison) of Lithuania, the Caffre Buffalo of the Cape of Good Hope, and the short-horned Buffalo of the River Gambia—the last a young animal. The results of a careful

examination of these skeletons were given in twelve tables, in which the details of longitudinal and transverse measurement of the various bones were indicated by an arrangement of straight lines of proportionate lengths. To these was prefixed, for the sake of comparison, a similar rectilinear view of the cranial and other dimensions in the Camel. As a standard of measurement within the animal itself, the basilar length of the cranium was found to be most eligible in the Camel; the same dimension, similarly divided into seventy-two parts, having been continued in the tables relating to the Bovines. The breadths of the head in the Camel occupy three sets of distances from the mesial plane, ending with the greatest breadth, the orbital. Subsequent to the three dimensions of breadth, four cranial lengths are given, beginning with the shortest, the palatal. The species of Ox being numerous, with a corresponding scale of diversity, indications of a fixed normal type could not be expected to be as decided in the Bovine family as in the Camel. The Bovine osteological dimensions are accordingly seen to vary greatly; still the cranial lengths of the Bovines, without such regular progression as in the Camels, show some degree of similarity. The very different character of profile in the Camel is owing to the backward position of the nostrils. The greatest similarity of width in Bovine crania seems to be in the zygomatic arches, where the space of the cranium is exactly, or very nearly, half the basilar length. The muzzles also have a strong resemblance in width, that dimension being in all of them more than one-sixth of the basilar length.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—April 7th.—Sir Charles Fellows, Vice-President, in the chair. Rev. J. Barlow, M.A., F.R.S., 'On Silica and some of its applications to the Arts. Silica is one of the most abundant substances known. Quartz, common sand, &c., flint, chalcedony, opal, &c., and a variety of sand, described by Mr. J. T. Way, may respectively be taken as examples of crystallized and uncrystallized silica. Under all these forms silica is capable of combining with bases as an acid. Heat is however essentially necessary to effect this combination, a combination of which all the well known silicates, whether natural, as feldspar, mica, clay, &c., or artificial, as glass, slugs, &c., are the results. The common forms of insoluble glass are produced by the union of silica with more than one base. But, when combined with an alkaline base only, silica forms a soluble glass, the degree of solubility of which depends on the proportion which the silicic acid bears to this alkaline base. . . . This soluble silicated alkali (or water-glass) may be prepared by various processes. If sand be used, fifteen parts of fine sand, thoroughly incorporated with eight parts of carbonate of soda, or with ten of carbonate of potash, and one of charcoal, fused in a furnace, will produce a silicated alkali which is soluble in boiling water. Messrs. Ransomes obtain this silicated alkali by dissolving broken flints in a solution of caustic alkali at a temperature of 300° Fahr. And, more recently, Mr. Way has observed that the sand which he has described will combine with caustic alkali at boiling heat, also producing a water-glass. This water-glass has been applied to several important purposes, three of which were specially noticed. I. To protect building stones from decay. The stone surfaces of buildings by being exposed to the action of the atmosphere, become liable to disintegration from various causes. Moisture is absorbed into their pores. The tendency of their particles to separate in consequence of expansion and contraction, produced by alternation of temperature, is thus increased. Sulphurous acid is always present in the atmosphere of coal-burning cities, and cannot but corrode the calcareous and magnesian ingredients of oolites and dolomites. It is true that good stone resists these sources of injury for an indefinite time, but such a material is rarely obtained. As a preventive of destruction, whether arising from physical or chemical causes, it has been proposed to saturate the surfaces of the

stones with a solution of the water-glass. It is well known that the affinity of silica for alkali is so feeble that it may be separated from this base by the weakest acids, even by carbonic acid. According to the expectation of those who recommend the silication of stone, the carbonic acid of the atmosphere will set the silica free from the water-glass, and the silica, thus separated, will be deposited within the pores and around the particles of the stone. The points of contact of these particles will thus be enlarged, and a sort of glazing of insoluble silica will be formed, sufficient to protect the stone against the effects of moisture, &c. This cause of protection applies chiefly to sandstones. But wherever carbonate of lime or carbonate of magnesia enters notably into the composition of the building-stone, then an additional chemical action, also protective of the stone, is expected to take place between these carbonates and the water-glass. Kuhlmann remarks, "Toutes les fois que l'on met en contact un sel insoluble avec la dissolution d'un sel dont l'acide peut former avec la base du sel insoluble un sel plus insoluble encore, il y a échange; mais le plus souvent cet échange n'est que partiel." In consequence of this "partial exchange" an insoluble salt of lime may be looked for whenever a solution of water-glass is made to act on the carbonate of lime or carbonate of magnesia existing in oolitic or dolomitic building-stones. This expectation, however, has not been altogether sanctioned by experiment. A gentleman, eminently conversant with building materials, immersed a piece of Caen-stone in a solution of silicate of potash in the month of January, 1849. This fragment, together with a portion of the block from which it had been separated, was placed on the roof of a building in order that it might be fully exposed to the action of atmosphere and climate. After five years the silicated and the unsilicated specimens were found to be both in the same condition, both being equally corroded. These specimens were exhibited in the Theatre of the Institution. But whatever ultimate results may ensue from this process, the immediate effects on the stone are remarkable. Two portions of Caen-stone were exhibited, one of which had been soaked in a solution of water-glass two months before. The surface of the unsilicated specimen was soft, readily abraded when brushed with water, and its calcareous ingredients dissolved in a weak solution of sulphurous acid. The silicated surface, on the other hand, was perceptibly hard, and resisted the action of water and of dilute acid when similarly applied. II. Another proposed use of the water-glass is that of *hardening cements, mortars, &c.*, so as to render them impermeable by water. Fourteen years since Anthon of Prague proposed several applications of the water-glass. Among others he suggested the rendering mortars water-proof. He also suggests that this substance might be beneficially employed as a substitute for size in whitewashing and staining walls. It was demonstrated by several experiments that carbonate of lime, mixed up with a weak solution of water-glass, and applied as a whitewash to surfaces, was not washed off by sponging with water, and that common whitewash, laid on in the usual manner with size, was rendered equally adhesive when washed over with water-glass. III. *The Stereochrome of Fuchs.* The formation of an insoluble cement by means of the water-glass, whenever the carbonic acid of the atmosphere acts on this substance, or whenever it is brought in contact with a lime-salt, has been applied by Fuchs to a most important purpose. The stereochrome is essentially the process of fresco secco invested with the capability of receiving and perpetuating works of the highest artistic character, and which may be executed on a vast scale. Fuchs's method is as follows:—"Clean and washed quartz-sand is mixed with the smallest quantity of lime which will enable the plasterer to place it on the wall. The surface is then taken off with an iron-scraper, in order to remove the layer formed in contact with the atmosphere; the wall being still moist during this operation. The wall is then allowed to dry; after drying it is just in the state in which it could be rubbed off by the finger. The wall has now to be fixed—

i. e., moistened with water-glass. (An important point is not to use too much water-glass in moistening the wall.) This operation is usually performed with a brush. The wall must be left in such a condition as to be capable of receiving colours when afterwards painted on. If, as frequently happens, the wall has been too strongly fixed, the surface has to be removed with pumice, and to be fixed again. Being fixed in this manner, the wall is suffered to dry. Before the painter begins, he moistens the part on which he purposes to work with distilled water, squirted on by a syringe. He then paints: if he wishes to repaint any part, he moistens again. As soon as the picture is finished, it is syringed over with water-glass. After the wall is dry, the syringing is continued as long as a wet sponge can remove any of the colour. An efflorescence of carbonate of soda sometimes appears on the picture soon after its completion. This may either be removed by syringing with water, or may be left to the action of the atmosphere." Not to dwell on the obvious advantages possessed by the stereochrome over the real fresco, (such as its admitting of being retouched and its dispensing with joinings,) it appears that damp and atmospheric influences, notoriously destructive of real fresco, do not injure pictures executed by this process. The following crucial experiment was made on one of these pictures. It was suspended for twelve months in the open air, under the principal chimney of the New Museum at Berlin; "during that time it was exposed to sunshine, mist, snow, and rain," and nevertheless "retained its full brilliancy of colour." The stereochrome has been adopted on a grand scale by Kaulbach in decorating the interior of the great national edifice at Berlin already alluded to. These decorations are now in progress, and will consist of historical pictures (the dimensions of which are 21 feet in height and 24½ in width), single colossal figures, friezes, arabesques, chiaro scuro, &c. On the effect of the three finished pictures, it has been remarked by one whose opinion is entitled to respect, that they have all the brilliancy and vigour of oil paintings, while there is the absence of that dazzling confusion which new oil paintings are apt to present, unless they are viewed in one direction, which the spectator has to seek for. Mr. A. Church has suggested, that if the surface of oolitic stones (such as Caen stone) is found to be protected by the process already described, it might be used, as a natural *intonaco*, to receive coloured designs, &c., for exterior decorations; the painting would then be cemented to the stone by the action of the water-glass. Mr. Church has also executed designs of leaves on a sort of terra cotta, prepared from a variety of Way's silica rock, consisting of 75 parts clay, and 25 of soluble silica. This surface, after being hardened by heat, is very well adapted for receiving colours in the first instance, and for retaining them after silication.

GEOLOGICAL. — May 24th. — *Special General Meeting.*—Sir R. I. Murchison, V.P. in the chair. W. J. Hamilton, Esq., was unanimously elected President of the Society, on the resignation of Professor E. Forbes, in consequence of his appointment to the Chair of Natural History at Edinburgh; and the thanks of the Society were unanimously given to Professor E. Forbes on retiring from the office of President. Joseph Prestwich, Jun., Esq., was elected a Member of Council, in the room of the Rev. H. M. De la Condamine, lately deceased; and the meeting also requested that Mr. Prestwich would undertake, during the remainder of the session, the duties of Secretaryship, vacant by Mr. Hamilton's election to the office of President.

Ordinary Meeting. — W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair. Edward Brotherton, Esq., and W. Ferguson, Esq., were elected Fellows. The following communications were read.—1. 'On the Structure and Affinities of the Hippuritidae,' by S. P. Woodward, Esq., F.G.S. These fossils were regarded by the author as bivalve shells, forming a distinct family, related most nearly to the Chamidae and the Cardidae. The hippurite was

shown to have its valves articulated by a hinge essentially like that of the radiolite. The internal ligament or cartilage is divided into two portions, situated at the sides of the first or most anterior of the three inflexions of the outer shell wall; this ligamental inflexion is very prominent in the *Hippurites cornu-vaccinum*, but obsolete in *H. bi-oculatus*. Two prominent straight teeth are developed from the upper valve, parallel with the hinge-margin, in *H. bi-oculatus* and *H. radiosus*, transverse to it in *H. cornu-vaccinum*. The anterior tooth supports a curved horizontal muscular apophysis, shaped like the adductor impression in the lower valve; the posterior tooth has a long vertical process, sometimes more prominent than itself, which is received by the cavity between the first (or ligamental) and second (muscular) inflexion, which corresponds to the muscular ridge in *Diceras* and *Cardilia*. The third ridge in the lower valve of the hippurite, which meets a corresponding inflexion of the upper valve, was compared to the siphonal ridge of certain bivalves, which divides the inhalant from the exhalant current of water. In a series of specimens of *Radiolites Henninghausii*, presented by Mr. Pratt to the British Museum, there was evidence that the *umbo* of the upper valve was marginal when young; and the ligamental inflexion, though obsolete externally, was always manifest inside the upper valves which had lost their inner shell-layer. The *Radiolites Mortoni* (Mantell) was shown, by specimens from the chalk of Kent, exhibited by Mr. M. Wright, to have possessed a thin internal layer with grooves, rather than sockets, for the teeth and muscular process close to the side, there being no projecting ligamental plate; the interior (of the lower valve) was divided into water-chambers by thin concave plates, as in the various foreign species. The difference between the shell-structure of the upper valves of *Hippurites* and *Radiolites* was compared to the difference between *Rhynchonella* and *Terebratula*, and held to be, in this case, only of generic importance. The genus *Caprotina*, D'Orbigny, was shown to include certain species (e. g. *C. 4-partita*), which could be compared to *Radiolites*, the hinge-teeth supporting plates for the attachment of the shell-muscles; the anterior tooth being further connected with a plate which divides the umbonal cavity of the upper valve in two. The first and fourth lobes of *Caprotina* were held to represent the internal cartilage ("accessory apparatus") of *Radiolites*. Evidence was adduced to show that the fixed (or dorsal) valve of *Caprinella* and *Caprinula* was always turned away from the spiral valve, with more or less of a sigmoid flexure, and not as in the restoration given by M. d'Orbigny. The genera *Requienia* (R. *Lonsdalei*) and *Monopleura* (M. *imbricata*) were considered to be more nearly related to *Diceras* and *Chama*. 2. 'On an Outlier of the Bagshot Sands, in the Isle of Sheppey,' by C. H. Weston, Esq., F.G.S. In traversing the coast of the Island of Sheppey, in April, 1848, the author noticed that the blue clay of the cliffs, near the East End Preventive Station, passes upwards into an iron-coloured clay, and that this clay is capped by ferruginous sands, which extend for about a mile and a half to the S.E., capping the highest parts of the cliffs. These sands, from their general appearance and position, Mr. Weston referred to the Bagshot sand series, regarding them as an outlier of that formation, similar to the outliers on the Hampstead and Highgate hills; and, for similar reasons, the author considered that the ferruginous clay constituted the top of the London clay, which, from being a deposit purely aluminous, became first impregnated with an iron precipitate, and then, ceasing to be a clay deposit, passed into the ferruginous and sandy deposit of the Bagshot series; and he referred to somewhat analogous instances of change in the strata of the lias and the oolites. 3. 'On the Thickness of the London Clay; on the Relative Position of the Beds in some of the best known Fossiliferous Localities; and on the occurrence of Bagshot Sands on the London Clay in the Isle of Sheppey,' by Joseph Prestwich, jun., Esq., F.G.S. Taking only such lines of section as afford a definite upper horizon of the London clay—viz., that obtained by the

superposition of the Bagshot sands (as at Wimbledon, Hampstead, Highbeach, Rayleigh, Sheppey, &c.), and ascertaining the base of the London clay, in all cases practicable, by means of well-sections, Mr. Prestwich finds that at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight, the London clay is 193 feet thick; at Whitecliff Bay, 367 feet; Southampton, 320 feet; in the vicinity of Hungerford and Newbury, from 200 to 250 feet; at Odiham, 330 feet; Reading and Wokingham, 370 to 400 feet; Chobham, and near Windsor, about 400 feet; at Hampstead, 420 feet; Wimbledon and Highbeach, about 430 feet (not 530 and 700, as stated by Conybeare and Phillips); Rayleigh, 420 feet; and in the Isle of Sheppey about 480 feet. By means of several sections, and a careful stratigraphical planning, at the same time allowing for the different levels of the several parts of the district, and comparing the numerous well-sections, the author showed that the London clay gradually expands as it ranges from east to west; at first very rapidly, until it attains a thickness of from 300 to 400 feet, and then very gradually, until, about London, it averages from 400 to 430 feet in thickness. In Sheppey, and on the opposite Essex coast, it reaches its greatest development, as much as 470 to 480 feet. Mr. Prestwich observed that, with regard to this apparently regular development, the London clay was not spread over a previously denuded land-surface, but was a continuation of a series of marine and estuarine deposits which had already filled up the irregularities of the old chalk-surface. In Sheppey, Mr. Prestwich met with a thick bed of yellow sand on a hill to the east of Minster, and on the cliffs between East End and Ramsey. This sand the author refers to the lower part of the Lower Bagshot series; and, as the fossil fruits and plant-remains of Sheppey are chiefly derived from the clays just beneath these sands, it appears that this singular fossil flora belongs mainly to some of the uppermost beds of the London clay; probably to the first fifty or sixty feet. From the absence of these highest beds at Southend, the fossil fruits are much scarcer there than at Sheppey, whilst shells and crustacea abound. The Highgate fossils belong to the second zone of the London clay; they occur chiefly near the level of the road at the Archway, in beds of sandy clay. This zone is marked also at Clewer's Green, between Basingstoke and Reading, and at Margaretting-street, near Chelmsford. The Chalk Farm, Primrose Hill, and Copenhagen Fields' fossils form another and lower zone, and are, on the whole, deep-sea forms. To the west, however, probably the depth of water was less. The Harwich and Bognor group of fossils, which, however, differ in their conditions of sea-depths, belong to the lowest part of the London clay, as well as the beds at Potter's Bar, and at Cuffell, near Basingstoke. At Alum Bay, where the London clay is not so thick, its palaeontological divisions are less marked, and similar fossils are generally prevalent throughout its thickness. In the London district, each zone is marked by a few distinct species of organic remains, forming distinct but nearly-related groups, although many species range throughout the four zones in varying proportions. In the lowest zone, deep-sea forms prevail in the eastern area, and are replaced by shallower water species to the west. The same occurs in the third zone. The second zone has a profusion of species belonging to waters of moderate depth; and in the first, or uppermost zone (or, perhaps, superadded beds of the eastern area), occur the great bulk of the remains of reptiles and fishes, and of plant-remains.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(1. On the demonstration of Formulae connected with Interest and Annuities, by Professor De Morgan; 2. Observations upon the Sickness and Mortality experienced in Friendly Societies, by Henry Tompkins, Esq.)
—British Architects, 8 p.m.
Tuesday.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.
—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.
—Zoological, 9 p.m.
Wednesday.—Microscopical, 8 p.m.
—R. S. Literature, 8½ p.m.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Düsseldorf, June 3rd.
THIS town is one of the most interesting in Germany to all lovers of art, or, I should rather say, of modern art, for the magnificent collection of pictures, by Rubens and other old masters, which was formerly the chief attraction of this otherwise uninviting place, has been transferred to Munich, and, indeed, laid the foundation of that splendid gallery. Since that time Düsseldorf has been the seat of one of the great schools of painting in Germany, which, under the direction of William von Schadow, has, in a comparatively short time, attained an extraordinary degree of excellence. Herr von Schadow, accompanied by a few of his favourite scholars, left Berlin in 1827, and in the following year, as director of the Düsseldorf Academy, commenced that system of instruction which made this school what it now is. He established three distinct classes, through each of which his pupils must consecutively pass; the first course consisted of the mere elementary instruction, the simplest and most trifling detail being as strictly and conscientiously attended to as matters of apparently greater importance; the studies of the second class included drawings from antique statues and living models, studies of drapery, anatomy, architecture, and perspective, copying pictures and single head. In the third course, the young artist was left more to his own advice; he composed his own pictures, and executed according to his own ideas, merely receiving advice from the master, and hints how to improve his work. Schadow has pursued this system now for twenty-eight years, and is universally acknowledged to be one of the best instructors under whom young artists can be placed. He has himself been the author of many paintings, full of study, diligent, conscientious labour, and a high feeling of Christian art; but they want warmth and imagination; the conceptions are beautiful, but the execution is far from perfect. Schadow's fame in futurity will rest on the painters, not the paintings, he has sent forth into the world. On my way through Düsseldorf I found the director, now sixty-five years of age, as busy and industrious with his pupils as he was a dozen years ago. He had in the course of last autumn gone through a severe operation for cataract of the eye, but was now quite recovered, and devoting his leisure to the production of a romance connected with art and art-interests, illustrated by himself, by Hübner, Bendemann, and other artists, and which was shortly to be published. Schadow is to form the head of a deputation from Düsseldorf to Berlin to congratulate the Prince of Prussia on his silver wedding, and present him with a magnificent album of paintings by artists of the Düsseldorf school, which has been in preparation during the last few months. It includes water-colour drawings by Lessing, Schirmer, Plüddemann, Achenbach, both the Hübners, Ehrhardt, Bendemann, Von Oer Mücke, and many others. Some of them are extremely beautiful, but the Germans are very far behind the English in the art of water-colour painting. When Herr von Schadow undertook the direction of the Düsseldorf Academy, he caused a new professorship to be created which had not previously existed—viz., that of landscape painting; this branch of instruction was intrusted to William Schirmer. I was fortunate enough to find him at home in his studio, and hard at work upon a new picture which certainly promised to be very beautiful; the subject was taken from some neighbouring part of the country during one of those floods which so frequently occur on the banks of the Rhine. The scene is taken in a forest, considerably cleared, in most places, only the giants of the forest being left to stretch out their huge branches uninterrupted by younger rivals. It is in such pictures as these that Professor Schirmer shows his wonderful knowledge of the anatomy of trees, and of light and shade. Another smaller but equally beautiful picture of the Devil's bridge on the Via Mala was on the next easel. It was totally different in character, but equally perfect in execution, and, to any one who had ever seen the original, most interesting from its truth and fidelity to nature.

I do not think there is, or has been, a more laborious and industrious artist than Schirmer; his walls are hung, and his portfolios are filled with studies which he has made at almost every period of his artistic life, and of every conceivable phase of nature. Some of his pictures have been sent to the German Exhibition in London, but I believe have not been appreciated as I think they ought to have been. Count Kalkreuth, son-in-law of Corver the sculptor of Kreuznach, is another of the Düsseldorf landscape painters, particularly celebrated for his Alpine scenery; he is very successful in retaining the proper proportions, so difficult in landscapes of this kind, and there is generally much truth of tone and warmth in his pictures.

From Brussels I find that an extraordinary Art congress is invited to meet in that town, to which all Belgian and foreign artists are requested to attend, to discuss many subjects of interest, in connexion with art and its object; and I understand the meeting is expected to be full. Luis Gallait, the celebrated Belgian painter, is now at work on a picture to be presented to Tournay, his native town. It represents the plague at Tournay, and will be of great size, being larger than his great picture of the *Resignation of Charles V.* The Belgian painters, especially those of Antwerp, have lately received many commissions from New York, especially in *tableaux de genres*; the Germans, too, have not been exempt from American patronage; but as the sales of these pictures are generally effected at second or third-hand, through the dealers, so that, generally speaking, inferior works have been purchased, the artists have been badly remunerated, the middle men have pocketed the largest profits, and art has been reduced to a mere trade. And, indeed, I must say, from the specimens of art I have seen ready for export to the sister continent, that the taste there must lie more in the quantity than in the quality of the stuff. From Berlin I learn that Kiss, the sculptor, is working in his studio on a group intended as a pendant to that of the *Amazon*, which was exhibited in the Crystal Palace in 1851. This present work is meant to be symbolical of the battle of faith and infidelity, as represented in the well-known figures of St. George and the Dragon. The group, as far as one can at present judge, seems full of spirit. Herr Kiss, who has been making studies for this group for the last six or seven years, means, should no order for it come beforehand, to have it cast and finished at his own expense. There are hopes, however, that it may be purchased by the Government, and erected in the unoccupied place before the New Museum, opposite the *Amazon*. He has just finished the model of the statue of the Duke Leopold of Dessau, which is to be executed in semi-colossal size, and inaugurated in Dessau in 1858.

VARIETIES.

Electro-Magnetic Engraving.—This machine is somewhat on the principle of the well-known planing machine. The drawing to be copied and the plate to be engraved are placed side by side, on the moveable table or lid of the machine; a pointer or feeler is so connected, by means of a horizontal bar, with a graver, that when the bar is moved, the drawing to be copied passes under the feeler, and the plate to be engraved passes in a corresponding manner under the graver. It is obvious that in this condition of things a continuous line would be cut on the plate, and, a lateral motion being given to the bed, a series of such lines would be cut parallel to and touching each other, the feeler of course passing in a corresponding manner over the drawing. If, then, a means could be devised for causing the graver to act only when the point of the feeler passed over the portion of the drawing, it is clear we should get a plate engraved, line for line, with the object to be copied. This is accomplished by placing the graver under the control of two electro magnets, acting alternately the one to draw the graver from the plate, the other to press it down on it. The coil enveloping one of these magnets is

in connexion with the feeler, which is made of metal. The drawing is made on a metallic or conducting surface, with a rosined ink, or some other non-conducting substance. An electric current is then established, so that when the feeler rests on the metallic surface it passes through the coils of the magnet, and causes it to lift the graver from the plate to be engraved. As soon as the feeler reaches the drawing and passes over the non-conducting ink, the current of electricity is broken, and the magnet ceases to act, and by a self-acting mechanical arrangement the current is at the same time diverted through the coils of the second magnet, which then acts powerfully and presses the graver down. This operation being repeated until the feeler has passed in parallel lines over the whole of the drawing, a plate is obtained engraved to a uniform depth, with a fac-simile of the drawing. From this a type-metal cast is taken, which, being a reverse in all respects of the engraved plate, is at once fitted for use as a block for surface printing. The machine is the invention of Mr. William Hausen of Gotha. — *Journal of the Society of Arts.*

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